

TARKENTON Part 2

Sports Illustrated

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We think Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance is the most sensible idea around. After all, people are living longer than ever. But you can't imagine how sad it is to watch a man retire on nothing but Social Security and the sympathy of a son or daughter.

Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance helps make your old age a graceful period of doing the things you want to do with the time and money to do them right. See your Travelers Man.

Travelers Money-Back Life Insurance.



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Next week

THE ILLEGAL SPITBALL is still one of the most popular pitches in the major leagues. A revealing story on how it all began, who throws it today and what they do to get away with it

THE QUARTERBACK'S ART is mastered by Fran Tarkenton, but the ingredients of a championship elude him while he is in Minnesota. Part 3 of his continuing story (with Jack Olsen)

ADVENTUROUS TEXAN William Negley, who 10 years ago won a \$10,000 bet by killing an elephant with bow and arrow, returns to Africa to try for rhino, leopard, buffalo and lion.

Founder: Henry R. Luce 1898-1967

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It is a matter of minihistory around the office that Dan Jenkins was the first of our writers to use the term "teeny bopper" in a story—so far ahead of the common usage of today that nobody had even heard it. This pioneer expression was finally permitted to appear in the magazine (some crusty editors who worry about such things were half-convinced it was naughty) because everybody knows that Jenkins understands and accurately translates the cool in

Moana Hotel, where all the best beaches gather. In fact, Jenkins may be the only writer in the world who could make the beach scene in a button-down Oxford-cloth shirt and still converse with the In crowd. There was immediate rapport, Jenkins says. "They could immediately tell that although my body was 108, my soul was 16, that I use hair spray and have a complete collection of albums by the Lovin' Spoonful. I cooled the whole group by telling them that I had once smoked my type-writer ribbon."

Jenkins did not surf, swim or do the monkey, jerk, dog, fish or slop. He also refused to go into the water and insists the only time he got wet was when one teeny bopper sloshed a Coke on him. Jenkins professes to be strictly sedentary (although, as you can see, he once was photographed with his wife, June, actually half in a swimming pool), a writer who believes in tuning in on the world, not turning out for it. During the year, he collects characters on his football, ski-racing and golf assignments because, he feels, "it brings me closer to where America is really headed—the moon."

Having tuned in on the beaches-by-the-trash-can, Jenkins submerged again and turned up at Boulder, Colo., where he is visiting U.S. Alpine Coach Bob Beattie, a very active young man who believes in running every morning and that sort of athletic bag. Jenkins is trying to teach Beattie to sit still and contemplate the Rockies.

"Actually," says Jenkins, "my three favorite sports are playing golf on a windless day in an electric cart with three guys I can beat, drinking in places like Toots Shor and P. J. Clarke's and occasionally going back to Texas to get an enchilada fix." Sounds suspiciously like an adult bopper.



DAN AND JUNE: ALMOST ALL WET

language of the very, very young. What makes this so unusual is that he is so very, very old, almost 40, a sort of Bernard Baruch of hippedom.

When one of our editors wondered not too long ago where the In kids had gone after spring vacation in Fort Lauderdale, Jenkins was sent to find them. He vanished in midtown Manhattan, somewhere near the Cheetah, and surfaced a few days later on Waukegan in a vast field of, as he put it, copper-toned tumblers. The report that followed told of a migration of summer surfers that led to a summit meeting of beaches, bleaches, hippies and fake-outs. And the language again, as you will find, starting on page 48, is right out of the future.

Only an ear sensitive to nuance could have captured the swinging mood of summer Hawaii or, more accurately, the mood near the trash can at the

Gary Vail

We wanted to import the world's one most exciting men's shaving cologne. We failed.

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So we took the whole works. Made nine shaving colognes from essences imported from nine countries. Put them all in one package.

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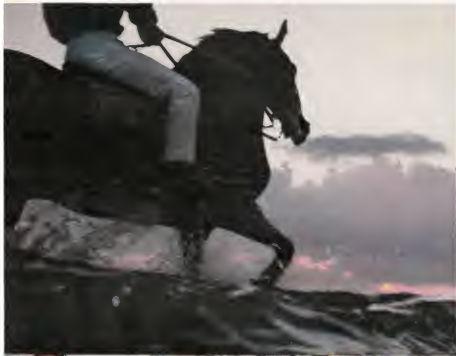
Available in single flasks or collections of 2, 3, 4, 9 and 9—from \$5 to \$15.

Nine Flags shaving cologne



This year, a new kind of travel club
can make you a sportsman in the Bahamas or the Caribbean
instead of the local resorts.

For the same kind of money.



Use your sand wedge in Nassau this year. Even the traps are nicer there.

Polish your backhand in Puerto Rico. Somehow, your game seems to improve when the courts are fringed with palm trees.

Catch some big ones in the Caribbean. Or put a saddle under yourself in the Bahamas.

That's just what a new kind of travel club—The Eastern Travel Club—can let you do. And for just about the same kind of money you'd spend at a local resort.

ETC works three ways to let your vacation dollars get you farther.

First, you get low rates on both your plane ticket and your room. You fly down to your chosen sunspot on low coach, excursion or family fares. (Check with a Travel Agent or an Eastern Airlines Ticket Office for fares to specific areas from your city.)

And as for room rates, ETC has signed up some of the top resorts in the tropics, and reserved all or part of each one's facilities exclusively for Club members. You pay one flat rate—\$11 to \$18 a day per person, double occupancy, depending on which Club resort you pick. And that low rate includes breakfast and dinner.

Second, you take your choice from among top resorts in Nassau, Miami Beach, Ft. Lauderdale, Grand Bahama Island, St. Petersburg, and Puerto Rico.

Some are planned especially for singles and footloose young marrieds, others for families and couples who prefer a family atmosphere. You can stay for a week or a month—as long as you like. Soon there'll be Club resorts in Bermuda and Acapulco. And

for the winter season, ski areas like Canada's Laurentians. ETC will be a year-round operation.

Third, ETC throws in all the etceteras—most absolutely free, others at reduced rates.

Think about that. It means you'll pay nothing for things like a car pool, (you pay only for the gas you use), a round of golf, tennis, supervised children's programs, drift fishing, snorkeling, moonlight cruises, horseback riding, beach parties, pool parties, Limbo parties, dancing lessons, water skiing lessons, skin diving lessons, etc., etc., etc.

Then practically everything that isn't free is reduced—things like deepsea fishing, scuba diving, trap and skeet shooting, Honda rentals, etc., etc., etc.

And on any club resort you choose, you'll have all the freedom you want. To begin with, you don't have to fly with a group. You can take any regular flight. When you arrive, your time will be your own and there'll be an Eastern Airlines Representative on hand to see that things go smoothly.

For this first year, ETC memberships will be limited, so don't delay. The initiation fee for a full year is \$5.00 for an individual

membership, or \$7.50 for a family membership. There are two ways to join:

Fill in the application, and send it with your initiation fee directly to ETC. Or even faster, take it straight to a Travel Agent's office. He'll sign you up immediately, and give you some helpful hints on choosing your Club Resort. Chances are he's been there himself. And like all those other etceteras, his basic services are free. You can also take it to the nearest Eastern Airlines Ticket Office.

Either way, we'll send you a complete Fact Book with all the locations and prices for the summer-fall season. (As the seasons change, you'll be kept posted on continuing additions to the Club Resort list.)

There's no better time than now to become a Charter Member of The Eastern Travel Club. The late summer and fall seasons are great vacation times, and if you get your application in right away, we'll throw in a special free etcetera—a handsome collapsible travel case that alone is worth the price of membership.

That's the story. Here's the application.

Join the club.

Mr. ☐ Miss ☐ Mrs. ☐ **ETC MEMBERSHIP APPLICATION**

Last Name First Name Middle Initial

Street Address City State Zip Code

Check type of membership desired: ☐ Single ☐ Family No. of children: _____

If family membership, indicate name desired on second card

My Travel Agent is _____

Dear Sirs:

Enclosed is my check or money order for \$5.00 (\$7.50, if applying for a family membership) to enroll me as a Charter Member of The Eastern Travel Club for one year. Please send me your ETC Fact Book and free vacation gift pack. I understand that an individual membership entitles only me to purchase an ETC vacation, but a family membership entitles me to purchase ETC vacations for myself or my relatives.

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At left, Shoreview, Super Screen Portable TV, Model Y2022.

The Handcrafted Color TV



ZENITH

The quality goes in before the name goes on

SCORECARD

AN OPEN AND SHUT CASE

Anarchists we are not, but this is a call for revolution. For the fourth time in eight years the International Lawn Tennis Federation has rejected a British proposal for open tennis. Though the other two nominal tennis powers, Australia and the U.S., supported the British, open tennis was voted down by 129-83, the dissent coming from the Communist bloc—which hardly makes a distinction between amateurs and pros—and nations like Burma, Iran, Sudan and Israel. It is obvious that 100 years from now the vote would be the same, for what is it to these countries that the fraud of amateur tennis is killing the game as a first-class spectator attraction?

It is now time for Britain, Australia and the U.S. to defy the ILTF and establish open tennis on their own. England has the tournament, Wimbledon, Australia has the players, the U.S. has the wealth of latent spectator interest and purse money.

The three nations should rally what support they can and then set out on their own. If Poland and Burma decide to pass up an open Wimbledon, or an open Forest Hills, well, too bad.

SKI NUTS

Cloudcroft, N. Mex., the southernmost ski resort in the U.S., has been looking for a way to extend its season. For a while the resort considered offering skiing on sawdust, but the idea did not kindle much enthusiasm. Now Cloudcroft has covered its practice ski run with pecan shells, and skiers who have tried the slope say the idea isn't so nutty after all. An El Paso enthusiast declares, "It is like skiing on heavy, wet snow." Another skier likens it to "sprung corn snow. It even feels like it when you fall." Which, perhaps, is the ultimate test.

MUFFLED END

Unsuccessful in his attempt to get a pro football broadcasting job in either St. Louis or New Orleans, former Eagle End

Pete Retzlaff charged recently that NFL Commissioner Pete Rozelle is calling the signals behind scenes. All TV announcers and analysts for NFL games must be approved by Rozelle. Retzlaff claims Rozelle has blacklisted him, because, "I have not kept my opinions to myself regarding player relations with the league. I was head of the players' association for two years, and there were times when Rozelle and I were on opposite sides of the fence. I had to disagree with Rozelle. He had to disagree with me. I also knocked the merger publicly." At the time Retzlaff denounced it as "a disgrace," saying its purpose was "to further line the owners' pockets with all the money that has made pro football so lucrative."

Retiring after last season Retzlaff worked for WIP in Philadelphia and became one of the most popular sports-casters in the area. He hoped to sign with CBS to do color for either the Cardinals or the Saints, but he says the network did not even submit his name for approval to Rozelle, "because CBS knew he would reject me."

NFL publicity man Jim Kensil denies the existence of a blacklist, though he confirms Rozelle's right of refusal. Kensil says, "He has the right to disapprove broadcasters for a reason, but I don't know of anybody who has been turned down."

SEAMEN

In Vancouver a 30-year-old, onetime carpenter, John Samson, is making his fortune by designing cement boats. The process may seem unlikely, but for two years Samson has been using chicken wire and poured cement to construct hulls for sloops that have proved both economical and seaworthy. His small company, Marine Design Enterprises, sells how-to-do-it kits for \$5 and full specifications for \$200. Samson says a cement-hulled 25-footer, including deck and cabin, can be constructed in six months by an amateur builder for about

\$400, less than half the cost of a wooden hull. The cement is poured and molded three-quarters of an inch thick on a framework of half-inch pipe, steel reinforcing and wire.

Twenty-four of Samson's boats are now afloat—some are even being used by commercial fishermen—and his original model is being fitted out for a voyage to Tahiti. If Samson has a sales problem at all, it presumably is to overcome the sinking sensation a lot of people get when they think of concrete.

BUGGED

Telephone company officials in New Mexico have been harassed this summer by wiretappers, particularly along a five-mile stretch in Carlsbad Caverns National Park. Birds have been tearing up the park's phone cable, putting as many as 200 holes in a 150-foot section. The phone company's Carlsbad representative says, "Woodpeckers live in this area, and when they hear the hum of direct-current voltage in the cable they think



it is caused by an edible bug. So they punch holes in the cable, even through a shield of aluminum and heavy polyethylene plastic."

The company, with proper respect for the pecking order in a park, says it will continue to repair the cable and let the birds keep looking for bugs.

ALIVE AND KICKING?

The rival National Professional Soccer League and the United Soccer Association are talking of merger—or, as they euphemistically call it, expansion. They would expand from the present 22 teams to 18 or 19.

But many of the clubs involved hardly

continued

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SCORECARD continued

seem in an expansive mood. Take, for instance, USA's Houston team. General Manager Owen Martinez said last week, "Our people aren't anxious to merge. Our league has the sanction of the FIFA, the worldwide soccer governing body, so we have the star players. The NPSSL is crawling. They know the players they have are inferior. The merger would spread the available talent too thin. Why would we want to dilute our product?"

John Allyn, president of Chicago's USA team, feels, "The NPSSL is an outlaw league, and it must be punished for its many misdeeds. It is difficult to treat the other league as equals. How do you whitewash them after all they've done?"

Meanwhile, NPSSL Commissioner Ken Macker is denying that his league wants to merge to gain the sanction. But at the same time he says he has "lost patience with forces blocking official recognition" and accuses these forces of having a "gigantic blind spot in their view" and "letting the parade pass them by."

The other major obstacle to a merger is the establishing of single franchises in cities where there are now rival teams. A team in New York, for example, needs an average attendance of 14,000 to break even, NPSSL's Generals, by their own best estimate, have been drawing 3,800, and USA's Skyliners averaged 5,000 this season. Neither figure represents paid admissions.

The paid gate at one game in Los Angeles is said to have been 347. Even so, NPSSL officials in Los Angeles think there is room for two teams. Jack Kent Cooke, who controls the rival USA team, is blunt: "I prefer to go it alone."

In Toronto the owners of the competing clubs are both demanding 51% of the stock if a single team is formed. The only acceptable solution apparently would be for a third party to buy them both out. In San Francisco, George Flaherty, the owner of the Gales, refuses to enter into a 50-50 partnership with the NPSSL's Oakland Clippers. "That's husband and wife stuff," Flaherty says, "and even that is never equal." He wants a majority holding or he will sell out. The Clippers, the more popular of the two clubs, is reputed to be \$2 million in the red—hardly in a position to buy.

In Chicago the Alllys may have had enough of soccer to put the Mustangs up for sale. Otherwise, they are insisting on 100% ownership of any new franchise.

"It is a United Nations-type war," one club official says of the havoc. The fight will go on—absurd and self-defeating as it is—until the wounds in the wallets force a peace treaty. Hopefully, for soccer, they won't be mortal wounds.

EXTRA INNINGS

For those of you who might like to throw away your vacation breaking a world record, we pass along this information. Two U.S. Air Force teams at Misawa Air Base in Japan claim to have played the longest continuous softball game—90 hours. The game went 402 innings, and the score was 608-444. At one point ground fog from the sea was so heavy that whenever a ball was hit to the outfield, infielders had to yell out the direction in which it was headed. The last five hours of the game were played in a downpour. An official scorekeeper counted 800 errors before giving up and going home to sleep. All told, 194 players were used, nine of whom are said to have played right through.

HEADHUNTERS

The musk ox, that delightful Arctic beastie now being domesticated by the University of Alaska in the hope that its soft warm fleece will outcash cashmere and provide a steady source of revenue for Eskimos (\$1, July 17), is being talked about in different quarters as a prize for big game hunters.

Last week the governing council of Canada's Northwest Territories announced it was considering offering hunters the opportunity to kill musk ox at \$4,000 a shaggy head. The cost would include an airplane charter, guides, shooting licenses and all the thrill of killing, say, a cow. "The musk ox is even easier to shoot than a cow," says one northern wildlife expert. "You can walk right up to them."

The Superintendent of Game for the Northwest Territories concedes, "It is no sport in the proper sense. There is no skill to it. The only skill required is to select the biggest animal. But we can capitalize on the musk ox because it is an extremely rare trophy. [None have been shot since 1917.] We already have applications from Germany to hunt them."

Advocates of the plan say that the Eskimos could make a profit of \$1,500 on each musk ox shot. They would be the guides and outfitters for expeditions

and would receive the headless carcasses.

The Territorial Council needs revenue, but there must be a better way to get its pound of flesh.

WHEELING A DOUBLE

Early in June advertisements in Wilmington, Del. newspapers read, "How would you like to win the daily double at Delaware Park on July 1st?" The ads grew bigger and bigger as the days went on, and readers became increasingly interested. Finally, a car dealer announced that the ads were his, and he would pay the equivalent of the July 1st double to anyone who would buy a car from him on June 24. He pointed out that one daily double at Delaware Park had paid \$5,507. That was in 1941, but no matter. Twenty-three people couldn't resist the gamble as they plunged for Lincolns, Comets and Cougars.

The automobile dealer took out a catastrophe insurance policy, under which his maximum loss would be \$165 per car. It was a wise move. Come July 1, an 11-10-1 shot won the first race and an 8-40-1 shot won the second. The payoff was \$221.20—at track and showroom.

MOONLIGHTING

William Harley Greaves, a 54-year-old chemist in Bournemouth, England, is a man whose sport is moth-watching. For some time now he has been taking a periodic census to check the effect on moths of Bournemouth's building boom. And that's what he was doing one night this month when: "I was sitting on the edge of the pavement, and I saw a really big one being chased by a bat. They had a marvelous tussle, just like a wartime dogfight. But then I must have dozed off."

Greaves was found at 3:30 a.m. by two policemen, who rushed him to the hospital for observation despite his protests. After his story was verified, he was released. Every sport has its hazards.

THEY SAID IT

• George Allen, Los Angeles Rams coach, after quarterback Roman Gabriel dropped his \$200,000 suit against the club and reported for training: "Roman is a real team man."

• Cardinal Outfielder Lou Brock, discussing night baseball: "The difference for hitters is half a baseball. That's all you can see. But who's complaining? The pay is right."

END

We've tried all the
new gins. Fancy gins.
Novelty gins. Imported
gins. Costly gins.
We should worry.



Fleischmann's.
The world's driest gin
since 1870.

THE FLEISCHMANN DISTILLING CORP., NEW YORK CITY DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN



Argentina's old smoothie, Roberto de Vicenzo, calmed his nervous putter and wowed the adoring galleries as he won the British Open at Royal Liverpool, his first major title in a lifetime of championship golf by GWILYM S. BROWN

THEY ALL LOVE A LATIN

When Roberto de Vicenzo, that most amiable Argentinian, arrived at Hoylake on the Irish Sea near Liverpool last week, it was not to win the 96th annual British Open. He had given up on that after 20 years of strenuous but unavailing effort. "This time I not try so hard to win," said the man who has finished second once and third five times in the world's oldest golf tournament. "I just come to see my friends and have a good time."

When the week was over, Roberto had certainly enjoyed himself and so had his friends, thousands of whom had poured out to witness his victory. The final day turned out to be little more than a triumphant parade from tee to green, with De Vicenzo displaying the calm of a man completely in command of his world while holding his two-stroke lead over a pressing and determined Jack Nicklaus. The crowd of 8,000 pounded its hands together with applause like the sound of rolling surf each time Roberto's

broad shoulders and tan face came into view around a corner. At the age of 44, after a long career that had seen him win no less than 30 national championships in 14 different countries, after being regarded—when a putter was not in his hands—as one of the game's great figures, Roberto had won his first major title. He did it by shooting a 10-under-par 278, only two strokes off the British Open record. And he did it by sinking putts.

"It's a pity it's come so late," remarked Britain's 60-year-old Henry Cotton, who first won the British Open at the age of 27 and last won it in 1948, the year that Roberto first entered the tournament. "But now that it's happened, he may never stop winning."

Though U.S. professionals regard the British Open as the easiest major tournament in the world to win, it is not all that easy. If it were, more of them would play in it, for winning it can be worth a fortune (Tony Lama estimated his 1964

victory brought him \$150,000). One reason for it being difficult to win is that, despite a total purse this year of only \$42,000, the tournament draws first-rate players from all over the world—Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, Canada, Argentina, Europe and the U.S.—in depth. From the U.S. last week came Doug Sanders, Phil Rodgers, Bert Yanney, Deane Beman, Masters champion Gay Brewer and U.S. Open champion Nicklaus, a contingent that sponsors of one of those \$200,000 prize-money jobs back in the States would be proud to have. Yet all but Nicklaus finished so far down the list of scores that their prize money earnings in pounds could easily have been confused with their weights, except for the plump Rodgers, who finished tied for 43rd and picked up £75, or Brewer, who missed the halfway cut and didn't make a shilling.

Another reason is the complexity of the British seaside courses on which the Open is always played. They resemble

nothing seen in the U.S. The fairways, never watered, are as hard as adobe and as tricky to negotiate as a twisting country lane. The wind usually comes whipping full force in off the sea as if the gods were angry at the thought of grown men thrashing a little white ball with such dedication. And thrashing is the word, for the work could often be better done with a scythe.

The Royal Liverpool course at Hoylake, though a fine one, is probably the ugliest of all the famous British links. With the exception of the five holes that roll across the sand dunes separating the rest of the course from the tidal River Dee, it is so flat that a Kansas farmer gazing out across the acres of knee-high grass and shimmering heat might have thought he was home. When viewed from a distance, there is no hint that a golf course lurks down there in the hay. After the six-week drought which preceded this British Open the rough was high, dry and omnipresent. Hay fever had Peter Thomson and Gary Player wheezing, and Peter Alliss, long one of Britain's top players, was actually sidelined by the rough. One under par on the final day, he ripped a muscle in his back while trying to slash a shot from the deep grass on the 6th hole and had to be led from the course by a nurse and a doctor.

It is such testing aspects of British golf that have prompted De Vicenzo to announce each year that this British Open is his last. He would, ironically, not have been at Hoylake at all last week were it not for a special television match that had been scheduled at Royal Birkdale in nearby Southport the previous Wednesday against Jack Nicklaus (De Vicenzo beat Nicklaus by two strokes in that one, too).

"These courses so tough," he has explained, in his deep, resonant voice, "every time I am standing in rough trying to hit the ball I say to myself, 'This will be my last year.'"

Roberto may have been thinking the same thing even after the first day of play this year, for the leaders were a

Continued

A delicate man with a golf club, bumpy Roberto has long had one of the game's finest swings



group of locals whose names were no better known than those of some of the hip rock groups that play in the basement cafes of nearby Liverpool, call them Lionel and the Nonenettes. Lionel Plattis, a bulking, 32-year-old professional from Yorkshire who has seen better pro tour days, led the crew with a cracking 68. The rest, at 69, were Peter Jones, Jimmy Hume, David Bonthron and Jack Wilshire, all from Scotland or England or Wales, and as a group they were causing a flutter of hope to stir in British breasts.

Not since Max Faulkner in 1951 has a native been able to win the British Open, and this is a source of much pain to the home folks. They have enjoyed it when Hogan has come to show them his shot-making and take their trophy. Witnessing the glorious darning of Arnold Palmer was nice for a few years, and Peter Thomson and Gary Player and Tony Lema and Phil Rodgers and Jack Nicklaus have all been stimulating in their fashion, but what is really wanted—in a polite royal and ancient way, of course—is for some bright British lad to take on all these visitors and stick it in their ear.

Hence the pleasure at the first-day scores of Plattis and company, which were not really significant, and the knowing nods about Clive Clark and Tony Jacklin three days later, which were meaningful, since Clark was to tie Player for third, and Jacklin, who played so well in the Masters last April, was only one more stroke back. Clark, who is just 22 and has a wonderfully compact American-type swing, particularly impressed the galleries—and some other people, too. "Boy, has he improved," said Nicklaus. Henry Cotton about summed up the British effort when he said, referring to Clark, "Isn't it nice we have someone who can play when the whip is out."

Since Britain's opening-round leaders could not sustain their performance when the whip was out, by the end of the second day of play the game's stars had reasserted themselves and life was back to normal. Nicklaus, who was in with a 71 and a 69, and Australia's Bruce Devlin, with two scrambling 70s, were the leaders, and De Vicenzo was in a four-way tie for third, just a shot back.

Roberto had finished early on the second day, and when Nicklaus came in

two hours later the Argentinian was sitting by the picture window on the second floor of Royal Liverpool's musty, rust-red brick-and-stucco clubhouse eating lunch with a friend. "You know who I think is going to win this tournament," he said, brushing his ample schnozz with a table napkin, "is old man with great big nose."

The old man virtually did it the very next day. He shot a five-under-par 67 and took a two-shot lead over Player, who also had a 67, and a three-shot lead over Nicklaus. But it was the way he did it that was astonishing. For just about the first time in his life he was sinking putts. Afterward he stretched out on a bench in the dark, tiny Royal Liverpool locker room. His shoes were off, exposing a pair of bright red socks, his head was resting on a leather clothing bag and his brawny, brown fist was wrapped around a tall drink. "Yesterday I play like a jo jo, all over the course," he said, "but today I hit some very good won shots and I started feeling good on the greens."

Roberto saying he felt good on the greens was the equivalent of Queen Elizabeth announcing that she feels good in

a bikini. For two decades legends have been passed around the world about Roberto's extraordinary inability to putt, the ones he has not gotten close to the hole from two feet, the four-putt greens that seem as much a part of his life as his passport. Compared to De Vicenzo, Ben Hogan is a regular shark with a putter. At home in Ranelagh, near Buenos Aires, De Vicenzo has 40 putters, emphatic testimony to this golfing tragedy. Then this spring, on a short visit to the pro tour in the U.S., which included a second-place finish in the Dallas Open, he picked up his 41st putter, a gray mallethead.

He arrived in England with the new putter, and on Monday of Open week he spent hours on Royal Liverpool's putting green. "My driver is beautiful," he told questioners. "My middle irons are beautiful. That doesn't matter. But my putter. Oh, my." Even his caddie, Willie Aitchison, was trying to help. "Roberto says to me com'es'te da or something and I say to him, 'Hit the putt through. Don't stab it.'"

By the third round Roberto certainly wasn't stabbing it. He holed an eight-foot putt for a par on the 1st hole, a



10-footer for a birdie on the 6th, and then on the 7th, a 193-yard par-3 with a green so narrow there was hardly room to place the flagstick, he was faced with a 13-foot putt to make par. In the locker room he sat up briefly to lend emphasis to his account of what happened. "I hit my tee shot over the green," he said. "Yesterday I make three bogeys on the short holes, and now I hit my chip way past the hole. I thought, 'God damn, another four,' so I get mad and hit that putt, pow, right in the hole. After that I no worry about putting." Roberto holed two more putts for birdies on the 9th and 13th holes and picked up three more birdies by reaching par-5s in two shots. In all, he took only 31 putts, about 10 under par for Roberto in this department.

Nicklaus, meanwhile, who sank one 18-inch putt and two-putted every other green—missing from under 20 feet no fewer than 10 times—could appreciate the pain of what De Vincenzo has been suffering all these years. The evening following the second round Jack had invited some friends over to a house which he and his wife Barbara and Deane Beman had rented, for some

Scottish beefsteaks and bridge. Beman, an aggressive bidder, was paired with Jack at the bridge table and played practically every hand, leaving Nicklaus with plenty of time to comment on his golf, especially his first-round 71. The round still bewildered him. He had hit every one of the tight, baked fairways, and he hit 17 greens. But he had failed to birdie a single par-5 hole, usually his strong suit, and he had missed putts of 3, 12, 12, 10, 9, 16, 4 and 16 feet. "As far as hitting shots is concerned, that was probably as fine a round of golf as I have played in the British Open," he said. "It was even better than my last round 65 in the U.S. Open at Baltusrol. But my putting has got to improve."

It had not improved during the third round, and on the final day it failed him again. Without it he had no hope of making up the three strokes he trailed Roberto. Nicklaus was paired for the last round with Clive Clark, who himself was only four shots off De Vincenzo's lead. They were in the next-to-last two-some, with Roberto and Gary Player behind them. After a night of rain the course was a far more gentle proposition than in the earlier rounds, but all the leaders were edgy at the start. Clark fired his approach to the 1st hole out of bounds. Player bogeyed the 1st after hitting a high, wild hook over the green. Roberto bogeyed the 2nd, hitting into a pot bunker in front of the green, and Jack bogeyed the 2nd by three-putting, missing once from 18 inches.

Then the afternoon settled down into Roberto's march to victory. Nicklaus crept to within two shots of the leader when he birdied the 7th and 8th, only to falter again by missing a 16-foot putt on the 9th hole. When Player three-putted the 10th green from 12 feet he was through, and he knew it. He just turned away in resigned pain when his putt did not drop. De Vincenzo then birdied the hole to increase his lead.

At 14 Nicklaus, shaking his head sadly, missed a 12-foot birdie try, but minutes later De Vincenzo did not miss. His drive was prodigiously long, his beautifully high three-iron shot landed in a hollow just short of the green and his

pitch shot almost rolled into the cup.

Two holes later it was over. Nicklaus hit a delicate pitch over a bunker to within six feet of the cup at 16 and got his birdie 4. He was now only two shots back and the tight out-of-bounds markers on the 16th and 17th holes meant he had a chance. Using a driver off the tee, where Nicklaus had cautiously used a one-iron, De Vincenzo rolled his drive to within 15 feet of a low earth abutment that marks the out of bounds on the right side of 16. Then he hit a daring three-wood that soared high toward the right side of the green, landed just short and bounded slowly into the center of the putting surface, no more than 25 feet from the hole. Two putts gave Roberto his birdie, and he could coast home from there.

Nicklaus birdied the last hole for a strong 69, but De Vincenzo, walking through a wall of applause, finished par—par for a 70 that gave him his 278 to Jack's 280. "I thought a 69 would surely win today," said Nicklaus. "The way the pins were placed it was a tough course."

"I thought 70 would be good enough," said Roberto. He had played almost flawless golf. After his shaky start his mood and tempo seemed so relaxed that he might have been out on a casual Saturday afternoon giving a club member a playing lesson. "You big strong thing, you," said Nicklaus to Roberto after it was over. "Congratulations."

The day before, a man not prone to extravagant language, Gerald Micklem, long an official of the Royal and Ancient Golf Club of St. Andrews, had declared, "If Roberto wins, the lid will blow off. We love him." And now the lid was at least askew. Roberto's white teeth were flashing and his bald head was shining and he was kissing the trophy in a lavish Latin fashion.

In his brief speech at the presentation ceremony he explained that ever since Jose Jurado double-bogeyed the 71st hole and lost the 1931 British Open by a stroke to Tommy Armour, Argentine golfers had been trying hard to win it.

"This year I meant it when I said that it would be my last, but now I come back again," he said. "I am very proud to take this cup home with me. Next year I return with the cup, maybe for some British boy to win."

No wonder the British love him. **END**



When the R & A's Eric Brickman gave him the trophy, Roberto accepted it with affection.



In the homestretch, riderless O'Hare roared alongside Pretense as Native Diver leads the way. O'Hare lost his jockey coming out of the gate.

HAPPY RETURN OF THE NATIVE

California's own Native Diver, a spirited 8-year-old, joined the millionaires' club as he won the Hollywood Gold Cup for the third year in succession, though in fact he was not the first across the wire by **WHITNEY TOWER**

The Hollywood Gold Cup, a mile and a quarter over one of the swiftest dirt surfaces in the world, has two special things going for it. It is the richest race in the U.S. in the handicap division, and the winner's name goes up alongside those of Seabiscuit, Challedon, Noor, Citation, Two Lea, Swaps, Round Table, Gallant Man and Hildale.

For weeks it was odds-on that Saturday's 28th running of the cup, with a gross purse of \$162,100, would produce a race of quality and excitement to rival any of its thrilling predecessors. The reason, of course, was that it would bring together the Santa Anita Handicap winner, Pretense, who had already earned \$351,850 this season, and Forli, the unbeaten (nine for nine) champion from Argentina. The rest of the field, said most of the smart boys, would show up to squabble over third- and fourth-place money.

Well, there was plenty of excitement

at Hollywood Park for the 51,664 who turned out, but it didn't exactly follow the advance billing. Forli stayed in his barn. He was not quite up to 10 furlongs, having lost training time after a fling for sprints on June 3. Pretense, to the surprise of those who had sent him off as the 3-to-10 favorite, showed that the burden of 131 pounds was just too much, though he had previously been able to win at the mile-and-a-quarter distance with weights of 118 and 126. The Greentree Stable's O'Hara finished first, but without a jockey, and that doesn't count.

So what caused the excitement? All of it on this beautiful, hot summer day was provided by a cocky, 8-year-old brown gelding by the name of Native Diver. Carrying 123 pounds, including Jockey Jerry Lambert, Native Diver turned in one of the most sensational races ever. It may have lacked the heart-thumping quality of a Buckpasser finish or the last-

to-first kind of run that propelled Carry Back to fame, but it will take a place of honor in racing history because of the old boy's courageous performance.

A son of Imbros out of the Devil Diver mare Fleet Diver, Native Diver is owned by Mr. and Mrs. Lou K. Shapiro, who are really more devoted to harness horses than to Thoroughbreds. He led all the way, simply murdering his field in the process, and no 8-year-old in the world could have done it any faster. Opening up four lengths over Pretense almost immediately, Native Diver ticked off six furlongs in 1:39 2/5 on his way to a mile in 1:34. He hit 1:46 1/5 for a mile and an eighth and finished the classic cup distance in 1:58 4/5, five lengths ahead of Pretense. The time was only a fifth of a second off the track record, set by Swaps as a 4-year-old in 1956, and three-fifths slower than Noor's world record of 1:58 1/5. Many eastern racing people who have never seen Native Diver



More than a leigh behind O'Hara, Native Diver becomes the official cup winner. No other horse has captured this classic event twice in a row.

will call this fantastic. But it was not entirely unexpected among West Coast horse fans. For Native Diver is, in a manner of speaking, the local heavyweight champion. In his only trip across the Rockies, to Chicago, he was a flop, but at home he is almost unbeatable.

Native Diver was so clumsy and uncoordinated as a yearling on the Shapiro ranch at Canoga Park, Calif. that it was difficult for him to walk. He was a headstrong, fractious fence-runner, and he fell down so often that he finally injured his back. Then he was gelded, and the picture began to change. Last week he became the first California-bred to enter the select millionaires' club. His purse of \$102,100 brought his earnings to \$1,002,890, putting him seventh on the all-time list, in the company of Kelso, Round Table, Buckpasser, Nashua, Carry Back and Citation. Even more remarkable is the fact that of the 36 races the Diver has won in his 80 lifetime starts 33 have been in stakes. He first tried the Gold Cup as a 4-year-old in 1963 and finished fourth. The next year he was third. In 1965 he won it, with 124 pounds. Last year he repeated, with 126 pounds. And last week was the third in a row. Each time he ran faster than the year before. How many times has any horse won a mile-and-a-quarter handicap—no matter what the opposition—three years in a row?

All this might lead the racing fraternity to expect that some time before the year is out Native Diver will journey east and challenge Buckpasser. "No," says Shapiro, "he's a California horse and he'll stay here and race here as long as he has the class to compete in handicaps. When he gets past his peak he'll have a wonderful pasture all to himself. He has brought us thrills beyond what you could value in dollars, and we're not looking to challenge the world."

Although a big loser in the Gold Cup, Mrs. Cloyce Tipton's Pretense may have had an excuse. At the start of this five-horse race O'Hara stumbled and unseated Melo Valenzuela. Riderless, O'Hara ran most of the way in second place along with Pretense. Pretense's rider, John Sellers, was polite enough to say later that O'Hara did not bother him, but a riderless animal is always a hazard to every other jockey in the field. Even though he may not cause a clear case of interference, the threat prevents jockeys from planning moves and executing them precisely when they want to. Pretense is still a very fine colt and will go back East to try to prove it against Buckpasser, who at the moment rules alone at the top of the handicap division.

And what of Forth? He is going to Arlington Park in Chicago and, if successful there, will show up at Aqueduct

this fall. "I could have taken a chance and run him in the Gold Cup," said Charlie Whittingham, who trains Forth for Arthur (Bull) Hancock, "but he wasn't quite at his best, and if he gets beat I want him to be at his best. When you run them at a disadvantage, that's when you get your horses hurt. But don't give up on Forth. He's gotten a lot of publicity without doing anything much in this country yet, but, believe me, he's one of the very best. If he does well in Chicago, I hope we'll prove it to everyone in New York. I'm only sorry we couldn't show these people in California how good he really is."

Wouldn't it be nice to go to Aqueduct for the mile-and-a-quarter Woodward on Sept. 30th and find a field that includes Buckpasser, Pretense and Forth? And how about some 3-year-old representation from Damascus, Dr. Fager (both of whom won again last week) and Tumble Wind (who won the Hollywood Derby), and maybe even a reinvigorated Kentucky Derby winner, Proud Clarion? None of this is impossible, but for the moment the honors belong to 8-year-old Native Diver. He danced for the crowd in the paddock before the Hollywood Gold Cup and paraded proudly after the race. He doesn't have to make the Woodward, he's already won his place in racing annals. **END**

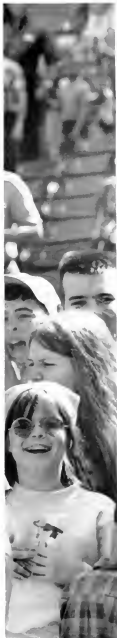
CHA CHA GOES BOOM, BOOM, BOOM!

Rejected by the San Francisco Giants, Orlando Cepeda is now the pride of St. Louis, a happy player whose consistent hitting is the biggest reason why the surprising Cardinals are leading the National League

by MARK MULVOY

Surrounded by a crowd of admirers, a contented Orlando Cepeda basks in the glory of the hero's role





Orlando Cepeda had the St. Louis Cardinals three games in first place, so last Friday when he asked for a night of rest Manager Red Schoendienst graciously kept him out of the starting lineup. But now, three hours later, it was the bottom of the seventh inning, and the Cardinals were losing 1-0 to the Pittsburgh Pirates. There was one out, with the tying run at second base and the lead run at first, and Shortstop Eddie Bressoud was scheduled to bat. It was obviously not a time for Orlando Cepeda to rest.

The clubhouse boy found Cepeda in the dressing room talking long-distance to a friend in Chicago. Chick. He ran to the dugout, grabbed a bat and did a quick exercise to stretch his right knee. Then he bounced up the five steps onto the playing field, and 25,668 people screamed with such vehemence that Announcer Harry Caray's own delirium was stuffed right back into their transistor radios.

Tommy Sisk had permitted only two hits in the game, but Cepeda leaned on a three-two pitch. The ball shot between third base and shortstop, driving home Alex Johnson with the tying run and sending Julian Javier to third base. A minute later Javier, with some scintillating base running, scored on an error and the Cardinals held on to win the game 2-1.

"That was only my third pinch hit in a couple of hundred tries," said Cepeda, back in the dressing room. "I got one off Face in San Francisco in 1963, and I hit a home run off Nuxhall in 1965. But today was payday, and I had to earn my money. You know, when my father played ball back home in Puerto Rico and no get a hit on payday, we no eat for the whole weekend. Ah, *mucha bueno*. *Mucha bueno*."

It is hard to find a better reason than Cepeda for the Cardinals' presence in first place. He leads the major leagues in hitting and home runs, and he has driven in 63 runs. Each Cardinal batter who leaves a runner at third base with less than two out is fined \$1, and the money goes into a fund to pay for a postseason—maybe even a World Series—party. Cepeda is going to have a lot of fun guzzling someone else's champagne; in 85 games he has contributed exactly \$5. The Cardinals, of course, do have several

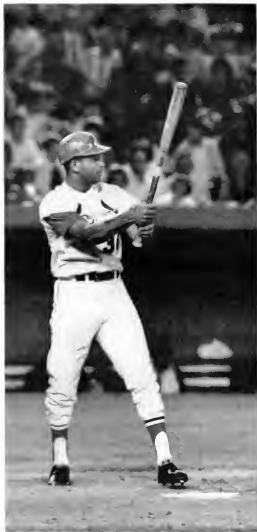
dozen other hitters who can make you suffer, including Tim McCarver, Lou Brock, Curt Flood, Roger Maris, Julian Javier and Mike Shannon, but their pitching staff will never be mistaken for that of the Chicago White Sox. And now that Bob Gibson is out with a broken bone in his right leg it may not even be mistaken for that of the New York Mets. Last Saturday night Gibson, who has averaged 20 wins a year for the last three seasons, was pitching to Roberto Clemente when Clemente rocketed a line drive back at the mound. Gibson went down in a heap, his face contorted by pain, and though he was able to hobble to the dugout the injury probably will keep him out of the lineup for at least a month.

Gibson's absence will hurt, but an injury to Cepeda would be disaster. "Without Cepeda, we are down with the Pirates, and look where they are," said Mike Shannon. "It's not just his statistics, it's also what happens in the clubhouse. It's intangible. I can't really explain. Orlando is a prestige player, and we have him—the other clubs don't. Put it this way: I'm walking down the street and two tough guys coming the other way want to start a fight. Then this friend of mine—a big guy—comes around the corner, and when the two tough guys see him they disappear. Well, my friend the big guy is Cepeda—you can't take him away from me. So I'm going to beat you."

The statistics reveal only a fraction of the satisfaction that is making Cepeda feel like a hero again. The injured knee that hobbled him for several years and was operated on in December of 1965 is now at about 95% efficiency. He is playing for a manager—the incertum Schoendienst—he likes and respects, unlike Herman Franks, who is 2,140 miles away in San Francisco, and Alvin Dark, who is at the other end of Missouri. And he is the straight man in all the clubhouse acts that keep the Cardinals laughing and winning.

Orlando first injured his right knee in 1952, when he was 14 years old, and he had the cartilage removed that year. Then, in 1961, he re injured the knee in a home-plate collision with Johnny Roseboro of the Dodgers, and from that day until he was traded to the Cardinals last year baseball was all work and no play

continued



Preparing to hit, Cepeda stares at the mound as if daring the pitcher to throw one by him

"The knee hurt me all the time," said Cepeda, "and I always aggravate it when I slide or stretch or even hit. Some people think that because we are Latinos—because we did not have everything growing up—we are not supposed to get hurt. But my knee was hurt. Dark thought I was trying not to play. He treated me like a child. I am a human being, whether I am blue or black or white or green. We Latinos are different, but we are still human beings. Dark did not respect our differences."

"I had a hell of a series against the Dodgers. I won all four games. And Dark tells everyone, 'Orlando is giving only 48'.' He said that only Jimmy Davenport and Harvey Kuenn were giving 100'.' That is crazy. Willie Mays always gives 100'.' Dark tried to take my confidence away from me. Then in 1965, when Dark was coaching the Cubs, he apologized to me for not respecting that I was hurt."

Dark was replaced by Herman Franks before the 1965 season, and Cepeda presumed that he would find in Franks a friend. He had played for Herman during his first season of professional baseball and had socialized with him in succeeding years. "The day Herman signed as manager he came to my home in San Francisco," said Orlando. "I felt great. It would be a chance to play for someone who liked me, I thought, and someone who knew that my knee was injured." Orlando played in only 33 games in 1965, however, because his knee continually collapsed under strain. "I could not move on my knee," he said, "but Herman thought I was not doing enough to get well. He always said I was not doing enough to help his club." Cepeda had the operation after the season, and then he worked around Puerto Rico to strengthen the knee before reporting for spring training in Arizona. "In the spring I went to Herman and begged him to let me play first base," said Cepeda. "I needed only work, I tell you. I needed to play. I begged them to play me. I was afraid of losing all my reflexes. But Herman, he told me that McCovey was a better first baseman than me. He told me that McCovey would break his back for him. He was telling me that I would do nothing for him. I asked him to trade me. He said they tried but that nobody wanted me. I know the Dodgers offered to trade Osteen for me. When the season started I would play six or seven innings

in left field and then go to the bench. I wanted to be traded, I would look at the box scores in the paper and see who was playing first base. I wanted to go to New York or with Leo Durocher or here to St. Louis. I would see that Phil Gagliano or someone was playing first for the Cardinals and say to myself, 'That's where I want to go.'"

The Cardinals, meanwhile, had been attempting to trade for Cepeda since the early part of spring training. "Cepeda was the player we wanted," said Bob Howsam, who was the Cardinals' general manager at that time and now holds the same position at Cincinnati. "Branch Rickey taught me one thing: you must have balance on your ball club. We didn't have balance because we did not have a cleanup hitter. Cepeda was a cleanup hitter. We offered the Giants a choice of three players for Cepeda at various times. Then when the Cardinals came to St. Louis in May, Chub Feeney and I sat around at the ball park and worked out the deal. Cepeda for Ray Sadecks. But we were not going to announce it until after the game the next day." That next afternoon Cepeda, playing first base because McCovey was injured, completed a big series against the Cardinals. "I had about six RBIs, I think," Cepeda said. "My knee was coming along, and for a change things were going so well. I remember walking down the runway with Marshall and he had his arm around my shoulder. Juan told me, 'They won't trade you now.' Then in the clubhouse Herman came over to me, and I thought he was going to say, 'Nice going, Orlando.' But he told me I was traded. Herman is not my friend, I mean it. A trade is part of the game, but Herman did not trade me. He kicked me out."

When Cepeda was traded to the Cardinals, Schoendienst immediately told him, "You are going to play first base and you are going to bat fourth. That's all." And from that day Cepeda has been a happy ballplayer. "It is the greatest thing that has ever happened to me," he said.

Orlando is, indeed, the funnyman on the Cardinals. Before the trade, Sadecks played Joe the Bartender while McCarver played Crazy Guggenheim—and their daily repartee provided some clubhouse comedy. "But it was getting so old and worn out," says McCarver, "that the guys knew all the lines and

were laughing at us instead. Then along came Cha Cha. That's what we call Orlando because it takes too long to say Orlando all the time."

In Philadelphia two weeks ago Schoendienst held a clubhouse meeting to discuss that night's opposing pitcher, Chris Short, the left-hander who throws a screwball that tails away from a right-handed batter. "You've got to stay with Short all night," said Schoendienst, and from the back of the clubhouse came Cepeda's hoarse voice, "You mean I got to go out with Short after the game?" The Cardinals were laughing, and then they went out and won the game as Cha Cha hit a home run off Short. Another time the Cardinals were playing the Giants, who had just recalled Bob Schroder to play the infield. "Who knows Schroder?" asked Schoendienst, meaning did anyone know if he was a high-ball hitter or a low-ball hitter—something like that. "Orlando," said Red, "do you know Schroder at all?" "Sure I know him," said Cepeda. "He's a good cat." Again the clubhouse exploded. Cha Cha had struck. Actually, the clubhouse in St. Louis is Cepeda's own room. The stereos that blare all day both belong to Orlando, and so do all the Ramsey Lewis and Dave Bailey recordings and tapes. The mantelevision is Cepeda's, too. "You know," he said, "if I do all this in San Francisco they would

give me a funny look all the time and everyone would think there is something wrong with me."

There is nothing wrong with Cepeda. He exercises his knee every day for 45 minutes, alternately taking massages from Trainer Bob Bauman and lifting weights. And he is hitting better than he ever has.

"I have the ability to hit, and I always have confidence that I can hit, I am not a scientific hitter. It don't matter how you stand. You remember Bob Speake? He used to be with the Giants. He had the best swing I've ever seen, but he always hit .200 or something. I don't know how to hit. It's just what you do when the ball is right here—right over the plate. I follow the pitcher's arm and wait for the ball and keep my head down—like all those golfers." Cepeda flies his right elbow during his swing, which most likely explains why he sprays the ball to all fields with considerable power. A golfer who flies his elbow can never hit the ball straight.

Every time he gets ready to bat, Cepeda is told to "stay easy" and "relax" by Schoendienst and to "concentrate" by Cardinal Coach Dick Suter. "Then I tell myself 'I'm gonna hit this cat,'" he says, "and boom, boom, boom."

As long as Cha Cha Cepeda keeps going, boom, boom, boom, the Cardinals are going to be hard to beat. **END**



Crumpled on the mound, the agony showing on his face, Bob Gibson gropes for his broken leg.

PART 2: QUARTERBACK ON THE RUN



TARKENTON'S JOY OVER BEATING THE BEARS IN FIRST NFL GAME ENDED WHEN THE MONSTERS CAUGHT UP



A PRO ROOKIE'S UPS AND DOWNS

On a roller-coaster ride of peaks and plunges, a Georgia boy and the Minnesota Vikings blunder together through their first year in the NFL

by **FRAN TARKENTON** with **JACK OLSEN**



The very first game in the Minnesota Vikings' history was an exhibition in Sioux Falls, S. Dak. against the Dallas Cowboys, and I didn't play much. George Shaw started at quarterback and I sat on the bench, where a green kid from the University of Georgia belonged, although I didn't believe it at the time. I thought the green kid from Georgia was good enough to start for the Minnesota Vikings or any other professional football team, which shows you how much I knew.

By the start of the fourth quarter of that first exhibition game we hadn't scored a touchdown, and Coach Norm Van Brocklin told me to take over. I ran out there, full of vim and vitality, and bang! we scored on a pass. Boy, this was easy! All these years the quarterbacks of the National Football League had been spreading their propaganda about how tough it was in the NFL, and now I knew it wasn't any tougher than calling a sandlot game on the corner of Broad and Lampton streets in my home town of Athens, Ga. We lost the game, but I was elated. I was on a peak. I'd always hoped that I'd be able to make it in the pros, and now I knew there would be no problem.

To my amazement, Van Brocklin started George Shaw in the next game, against the Baltimore Colts at Baltimore. I was under the impression that I had arrived the week before, and here I was still being treated like a rookie. Even Stubby Eason, the equipment manager, didn't understand that I was now an established player. Before the game he came up to me and said, "Rookie, you better take that single face bar off your helmet and put on a double like all the rest of the quarterbacks."

"No," I said, "one bar is plenty for me. I wouldn't be able to see out of a double." I'd played four years of college ball at Georgia with a single face bar, and I didn't need an equipment manager changing my whole way of life at this stage of the game.

Our attack didn't do much in the first quarter against Baltimore, and just after the start of the second quarter Van Brocklin hollered, "O.K., Peach, get in there!" I ran out on the field ready to pick the Colts apart like a chicken. It didn't matter to me that I had collected bubble-gum pictures of some of these very same Baltimore defensive players, that they were recognized stars, that the Colts were the big noise in pro football. I was no amateur myself.

I figured I'd show everybody right off that I wasn't afraid to get into the action, so in the huddle I said, "Open four right, screen right to four," which meant a screen pass to Mel Triplett, the tough runner we got in a trade from the New York Giants. I took the snap from center, dropped back five steps into the pocket and set up, faked to one receiver and then lofted the ball out to Triplett in the right flat. The pass looked like perfection itself, I was standing there admiring its trajectory, its spiral, its pinpoint accuracy, when the lights went out. Billy Ray Smith, the Baltimore tackle, had creased me right across the bridge of

continued

the nose, right where the double bar would have been. I was almost completely out. They had to haul me off the field, and they poured me onto the bench the way you'd pour a can of heavy oil, and they put cold towels across my face. I was lying there still wondering what country I was in when Van Brocklin came over and said in that inimitable style of his: "Welcome to the National Football League, kid!"

By half time I'd recovered my wits enough to ask Stubby Eason to put a double bar on my helmet, but I didn't play anymore that day, and I didn't complain about it, either. I stayed on the bench at the next game, too, nursing my sore face and studying the action, trying to figure out how those pro quarterbacks kept from getting cotton-ginned out there.

One thought never entered my mind, believe it or not, and that is that I didn't have the stuff for the NFL. Maybe this just showed that I didn't understand the situation. Here I was, fresh out of college, young and ignorant, and my total pro career consisted of getting lucky on one pass play in the first exhibition game, getting in for one whole play in the second exhibition game and sitting out the third. And yet I never questioned myself or my potential. It is just not part of my philosophy to question myself or to think negatively. I always try to leave that sort of thinking to others.

And don't think there weren't plenty of pro experts who thought negatively about me. The mere fact that I wasn't drafted till the third round tells you something, doesn't it? That really hurt my pride. That told me there were guys around who weren't the least bit impressed by my record at Georgia, where I was an AP All-America in my senior year. I figured I knew my job, and my job was T-formation quarterback, and the pros should be hot after me. When the first two rounds went by and I was still standing there with an empty dance card, I had to reassess my thinking. I knew what was bothering the pro scouts, but I also knew that they were wrong.

The scouts were doubtful about my size and my ability to throw the long ball, which goes to show that even the experts have some funny ideas about professional football skills. Not that I have one of the superstrong arms in the NFL; I don't. But you don't need a superarm, and a lot of the pro scouts still don't realize that. The fact is that the home run is the easiest to throw, from the standpoint of pure muscle. It takes more strain to throw a 20-yard pass down the sidelines than it does a long ball. You have to throw the short ball hard, on a line, whereas the long ball is kind of looped into the air.

And still the pro scouts go out and beat the bushes for big, strong quarterbacks, guys with superarms. Some of them are in the league now. Players like Rudy Bukich, Roman Gabriel and Zeke Bratkowski can throw the ball 60 yards on a line and 70, 80 yards with an arch. I've never had this kind of strength, and neither have most other NFL quarterbacks. Bart Starr doesn't have a superarm, he's just a great passer. But the big muscle excites the scouts, just the

same as a man who can run the 100 in 9.5 gets them all het up, thrills them to death. They're out there looking for the long bomber and it's the most overestimated talent in quarterbacking.

Well, I sulked and brooded and questioned the intelligence of the pro football establishment after it took three rounds for me to be drafted. The Vikings were offering me a \$16,000 package, which was just about the going rate in those Neanderthal days before Joe Namath and Donny Anderson and all those other nouveau riche kids went on the block, and the Boston Patriots offered \$5,000 more. For me there was no choice. I pride myself on trying to be businesslike, but there was no doubt that the American Football League was the inferior league, and I wanted to show everybody that I could make it with the big guys. I didn't figure it would prove anything if I went to the AFL; the new league had been going for a year and it was still a humpy-dumpy operation. So I accepted the Minnesota offer and took a plane to Minneapolis for a talk with Van Brocklin.

The club had never played a game, but they had their quarterback situation all figured out. They had wanted a veteran, and they had had a choice of Bill Wade of the Los Angeles Rams, Y. A. Tittle of the San Francisco 49ers or George Shaw of the New York Giants. Shaw was then 27 years old and had been alternate quarterback to Charlie Conerly during those years when New York was mowing everybody down. The Vikings figured George could be a great quarterback on his own if he could ever get out from under the shadow of Conerly, so they grabbed him. "There won't be a lot of pressure on you," Van Brocklin told me in that first meeting, "because there's no doubt about who our starting quarterback is. George is a seasoned professional, he's got all the tools, and we'll play him and bring you along nice and slowly, let you learn your trade."

I didn't like that, I didn't like that one bit. Maybe Van Brocklin thought it was in my best interest to be brought along slowly, but I figured I could play in the pros even as a rookie. And that's the attitude I took to camp with me.

But after a week of training camp the thought flickered through my mind that maybe I was in a little deeper water than I had expected. I didn't ever think that I wouldn't make it, not for one second, not then or any other time, but I did begin to realize that these weren't a bunch of bloomer girls I was playing with, either. We'd had a good draft that year, an excellent draft handled by Joe Thomas and Bert Rose, and guys like Ed Sharckman, Tommy Mason and Rip Hawkins had come into camp. And we had some great old pros that year. We had Hugh McElhenny from the 49ers. Until Gale Sayers came along, I would say that Hugh McElhenny was the greatest halfback in the history of the game, and I still would not rate Sayers over him. And we had Mel Triplett from New York, with that stutter change-of-pace running style, and Don Joyce, the great defensive end from the Colts, and Bill Bishop, the fine tackle from the Bears, and Bob Schnelker, the big graceful end from the Giants—all of them 10-year

veterans. When you worked out with players like that who had seen it all, you realized how far you were from Broad and Lumpkin streets.

One day early in the training season Van Brocklin was watching me throw passes along the sidelines. I was lobbing them 50 yards, high and fat and soft. I prided myself on the fact that a 12-year-old kid could catch my long passes. "Hey, Peach, come over here!" Van Brocklin ordered. I walked over expecting a compliment on my featherlike parabolic passes, but instead he announced loudly that if I kept on passing like that I would be run right out of the league. "You've got to zip the ball!" he said. He ordered me to lift a five-pound dumbbell 25 times a day and work on throwing the ball in a flatter arc. "Maybe you're not used to the shape of the pro football yet," he said. "Here!" He handed me a pro ball, fatter in the middle than the college model, and told me to carry it at all times till I got used to the feel of it. That made me feel like the dumbest kid in kindergarten, carrying a football with me wherever I went, learning its size. It was a badge of ignorance. See the football. See how it's shaped. See how the laces run down the middle of the football. Now throw the football. See how it wobbles.

Those preparations for our first regular season in the NFL gave me a succession of elations and depressions in almost perfect rhythm. If you made a chart of my emotions in spring training, it would look like the Himalayas. I came in brimming with confidence, and then I discovered I didn't even know how to throw a pro-type pass, and I fell down in the dumps, and then my team went out and beat George Shaw's team 35-7 in an intrasquad game and I was ready to join the All-Pro squad, and then Billy Ray Smith knocked me on my tail in the second exhibition game and I was down in the dumps again. But it's not my nature to stay down, and certainly not to give up. I sat on the bench and learned a lot during the third exhibition game, and by the time the fourth game came along, against the Chicago Bears at Cedar Rapids, Iowa, I had built my confidence back up to the top. The Bears had a lot of those bubble-gum-card guys, too, but I wasn't going to go out there and faint just because the other team had some historic personages.

George Shaw started the game at quarterback, but I took over in the second quarter. The Bears had a murderous defense in those years—they still do—and my previous 15 minutes or so of exhibition-game experience had not prepared me for the Bears' blitzing defense. On one of the first plays I called, they threw an all-out blitz at us, and thus enabled Doug Atkins, 6'8" and 255 pounds, to get through the line untouched. Normally he would have been picked up by our tackle, but the tackle had to block the first threat, a blitzing linebacker, and that left this diesel truck of a man headed for the pass pocket at about 90 miles an hour. There's nobody there to block him except 195-pound Tommy Mason, himself a rookie, and Tommy goes low to cut Atkins down at the shoe tops, and Atkins hurdles right over Tommy! Tommy never touches him! And all I can see from where I'm standing is this huge shape winging through the air at me, blotting out the

sun, and then *crunch!* It sounded like a big old farm horse falling on a duck.

The Bears' corner linebacker, Larry Morris, is from Georgia Tech, the hated rival of my own University of Georgia Bulldogs, and all afternoon he would bust in on me, holler, "Hi, Bulldog!" and slam me down. To this day, I flinch when somebody says, "Hi, Bulldog!" And Bill George and Joe Fortunato, the Bears' other linebackers, were knocking me around all afternoon. When it wasn't Fortunato, it was Morris, and when it wasn't Morris, it was Bill George, and when it wasn't Bill George, it was somebody else. And I didn't have the slightest idea what to do about it!

The Bears have always had a perplexing defensive style, with about eight different defensive formations. They're confusing right now to a veteran NFL quarterback. They give you a frightful learning problem. Let's say you have five bread-and-butter running plays. O.K., when you play the Bears you have to learn how to run each of these plays against eight different defenses. That's 40 plays. But a pro football team will usually go into a game with about 30 plays on its ready list, and if you want to execute perfectly against the Bears you've got to know 240 routines, and that's just about 200 too many. The basic defensive philosophy of the Bears is to confuse, and this is the direct opposite of a team like Green Bay, whose philosophy is to let you know exactly how they're going to play and then outexecute you all the way. Of course, the complexity of the Bears' defense makes them vulnerable at a few points, too, but I wasn't experienced enough to know what these vulnerabilities were. The Bears give up a lot of home runs, but they did not against rookie Fran Tarkenton on that black day in 1961. I was demoralized, panicky and totally unsure of how to handle this team of blitzing dervishes. I'd come up to the line to call signals and I'd see the three linebackers cheating toward the line, all of them down in the stance that spells blitz. So I'd start to check off to another play, one that would work against the blitz, and the instant I'd start the audible the Bears would go into another formation, and then I'd check back and they'd change to a blitzing formation.

Later on I learned that they were spotting the audibles by the expression on my face and the sound of my voice. And also by dead giveaways such as this one: I checked off to a play that would send the tight end out for a short pass, and I turned my head toward him as I called it so he'd be sure not to nuss the call! Wasn't that brilliant? By the time that poor tight end got out there to take the pass, the four defensive backs, two assistant coaches and the lady who runs the Coke stand had him surrounded.

That game against the Bears marked the only time in my life that I was ever sort of hoping that the coach would take me out. But Van Brocklin wouldn't do it. Evidently he wanted to see how I would react under fire. Well, I reacted poorly. I simply didn't know enough about pro quarterbacking, especially against a cute defense like Chicago's. It was a massacre. I was stepped on, tackled around

continued

the head, cut on the face, clotheslined and elbowed till I was just one continuous bruise. From the knee down, my right leg was swollen to twice its size, and I still have a knot on it that stands out nearly an inch.

Worst of all, the Bears had beaten me mentally. I was completely down. I came away wondering if there was the slightest possibility that I could ever amount to anything in the National Football League, if I really had a chance at all. I looked around me at the fellows on our own ball club and I felt awful at not measuring up, and I began to think that maybe pro football players were just a different animal from me. I don't know why I didn't think of quitting right then and there, but I honestly didn't. Maybe I just couldn't believe that things could stay this black.

And then came the last game of the exhibition season against Los Angeles, and the whole erratic pattern of my rookie year continued: my graph went from Death Valley to the top of Mount Whitney in a single game. I didn't even get into the game till the third quarter, when we were losing by three touchdowns, but once I got in there everything just went bam! bam! bam! right down the field, every play a jewel. We scored two touchdowns and came within a few yards of winning the game, and I was saying to myself, "See, boy? It's not so hard after all! You can do it! You belong here!"

There was one play when we cut McElhenny loose and he ran for about 50 yards and came back to the huddle with his tongue hanging out like a chow dog in Bessemer, Ala. "Kid," he said in the huddle, "don't call my play this time. I'm tired!" Well, what was I going to do about that? Here's a guy who has always been a legend to me, a face on a bubble-gum card, and right in front of all the other players he tells me not to call his number. Do you let him have his way, or do you run him again? I run him again, and he made another nice gain, and he looked daggers at me. But later on we laughed about it, and I found out that he had gone to Van Brocklin and told him the whole story and said, "When that kid called my play the second time I knew we had a quarterback!"

After that game Van Brocklin took me aside and told me I had won the starting job against the Bears in the first regular-season game the Minnesota Vikings would ever play. I was going to be the *charter* quarterback. I was shocked, and I was thrilled to death. That night my wife Elaine and I went over to the Van Brocklin house and had dinner with him and Gloria, and I was up on cloud 64, listening to one of the greatest quarterbacks in pro history talk to me as though I were a peer, one great quarterback to another. "Look at this house, Peach," Van Brocklin said, and he showed Elaine and me through the rooms and around the grounds of his beautiful home in the suburbs of Minneapolis. "Pro football has done all this for me. We've got this nice home, we've got two cars in the garage, and if you work hard you can have the same."

We rolled some films of the Bears' games and talked over some strategy, and around midnight Elaine and I went home. I had plenty to think about: preparing to take the newest franchise in pro football into battle against one of the oldest, getting ready to play against the team that had

maimed me just two weeks before. But in the glow of being accepted as a starting quarterback in the National Football League I slept the sleep of a baby. A few days later, on Friday before the game, Van Brocklin took me aside and said, "Francis, I'm not gonna start you Sunday. I feel I owe it to George Shaw to give him a crack at it. He didn't have a good exhibition season, but that isn't what counts. We haven't lost any regular-season games with him, and I've got to let him play till we do."

At first I was really hurt, really flabbergasted. I felt that I had competed with George for the first-string quarterback job and I had won the decision. But later I got to thinking how George was a six-year NFL veteran and how the Vikings had given away their first-draft choice to get him and how he deserved a chance to show what he could do when the games counted. I realized all that, but it didn't keep me from severe internal bleeding, mostly around the pride area.

I never studied so hard for anything in my life as I did for that Bear game. I knew I wasn't starting, but I also knew I had every chance of getting into the game, and I wanted to atone for that awful performance against the Bears in the exhibition season. In that game I hadn't known what to expect, but for the regular-season opener I learned the Bear defenses thoroughly, how to recognize them instantly and, most important, how to attack each defense. And Van Brocklin came up with a brilliant game plan. His idea was to have a few plays to run against each defense, based on the inherent weakness in each defense. Then, after we had beaten each of their radical defensive setups, they would stop being so cute and settle down to a pretty honest defense, at which time we would also settle into a pretty honest offense. In other words, we would be just as cute as they were, and when they stopped being cute, we'd stop being cute. Of course, the whole plan was based on our quarterback's being able to read the Chicago defense in the first place.

Well, George Shaw started, and we kicked a field goal and missed one. On the third series of downs Van Brocklin sent me in. I hadn't called two plays before I realized the value of study, of poring over scouting reports and squinting at movies and working up probability charts till your eyeballs ached. Two weeks before, in the exhibition game, I would look at the Bears' defensive alignment and it would be as incomprehensible to me as Sanskrit. But now, after studying the Bears night and day for a week, I would charge up to the line of scrimmage and recognize what they were up to. Well, not every time, no. There's not a quarterback in the league, even today, who can read the Bears any too clearly. But I did sniff out their defenses well enough so that they soon found it unprofitable to use most of their trickier stuff, and, just as Van Brocklin had predicted, they settled into an honest defense. But by then it was too late. It was just one of those days when I couldn't miss. I thought I was Sammy Baugh out there! Everything fell into place, all the lessons of the past two months. The stats showed 17 completions in 23 attempts for 250 yards. I completed

four touchdown passes, I ran for another touchdown and we beat the Bears 37-13. We were tied for first place in the National Football League, and I had the game ball from my professional debut.

Well, that was a taste of honey for me and the new ball club. We developed a false sense of well-being. Or I did, anyway. I figured we'd never lose a football game for the rest of our lives, least of all to those ranky-dink Dallas Cowboys that we were playing in our second game. They were only a year older than we were, and we had just beaten the Bears. So we went to Dallas all full of confidence—and lost 21-7. Our team played pretty well. We were on their half-foot line almost at the end of the game when we fumbled. But I, personally, played lousy. Maybe I had read too many of my press clippings, or maybe I had exhausted myself mentally getting ready for the Chicago game. That's what I told myself.

But the real truth was that one thing had caught up with me: I was a rookie, that's all, and I just plain didn't know enough. There was nothing complicated about it. When I look back now and realize how little I knew in that first year in the pros, it scares me to death! It's a wonder I wasn't killed. It's a wonder we beat anybody. But we did. In our ninth game of the season we played Baltimore in Minneapolis and beat them 28-20. And that was the great Baltimore team, the championship team, with Johnny Uenas, Ordell Braase, Gus Marchetti, Lenny Moore, Raymond Berry, the whole cast of thousands, and all of them in their prime. And then in the 12th game we beat the Rams 42-21 for a grand total of three victories out of 14 games, which is three more than the Cowboys had won in their maiden season the year before. So all in all it wasn't a bad start.

Of course, to be perfectly honest, those victories were just little islands of satisfaction in a wide sea of frustration. After beating Chicago in the opener we lost seven straight, and I got pretty nerve-racking around the locker room. I'd come home at night so upset that I couldn't talk. I knew I could play better, perform better, and yet I wasn't. I just didn't look at myself as a rookie quarterback. After all, I had been a quarterback one place or another for about 10 years, and I figured I should be able to perform like Otto Graham.

It makes me laugh nowadays when I look back on my ignorance. I'd do things like never taking my eyes off my primary receiver. Can you imagine anything so naive? I'd make up my mind I was going to throw to so-and-so and I'd look at nobody else, and by the time I'd release the ball he'd be surrounded. The free safety would always be on him, and sometimes a linebacker or two along with the corner back. So I had to learn (it all seems so elementary now) that the defensive secondary watches the quarterback's eyes, and before you have any chance whatsoever to complete a deep pass you've got to "look" the free safety off, stare at some other point on the field to attract him there, and not throw the ball till your receiver is in nothing worse than a one-on-one situation. I could write a book on the mistakes I made, and it would run to about 600 pages, and it would never repeat the same mistake twice.

Like the way I used to drop back one way when I was going to throw a short, flare pass, and drop back an entirely different way on a deep pass. I might just as well have gone into the pocket shouting, "Deep pass! Deep pass!" It was that obvious. I had to learn to make my moves in exactly the same way under all conditions, just as a baseball pitcher must use the same motion whatever he's throwing. I'm not saying I've perfected my moves yet. You're always learning in the pros. But in that first year everybody could tell what I was up to. I was being read by more people than Margaret Mitchell.

And sometimes I thought I would never learn how to conceal my audibles and how to sound exactly the same at the line of scrimmage no matter what type of play I was calling. Those old pros like Joe Schmidt of the Detroit Lions would know what I was going to do before I did it. I think the low point of my intellectual career came in a game against the Lions, with Schmidt, the middle linebacker, calling defensive signals against us. All during the game he was shifting the defenses around to match my calls, and finally there was one play where I checked off three times and Schmidt changed the defense three times and I got so frustrated I just called for time. I felt better later when I learned that Don Meredith of the Cowboys had been caught in a similar predicament against the New York Giants and, instead of calling for time, he just threw his hands in the air and holed, "Aw—!"

Through all of those agonies I still kept thinking of myself as a fortunate fellow. In the whole history of the pros there have been only three or four quarterbacks who broke into the starting lineups in their first year and stuck. Frank Ryan, the Cleveland Browns' quarterback, has said that I was lucky to get to play right away, and I agree with him. On the other hand, a young quarterback can be broken by the pressure if he doesn't keep a tight emotional hold on himself. I can think of one NFL quarterback who came into the league as a starter, and it ruined him. He had everything, too, and yet he never had a really good year. The strain got him; he lost his confidence. There have been others who broke down in that rookie year under the pressures and the thrills of playing and losing, playing and losing, week after bloody week. Me, I didn't have enough sense to break down. I figured it was an advantage, in the long run, to play on a new-franchise team. We didn't have the personnel. We didn't have the experience. Very few of my teammates had top ability, and neither did I. But we had the advantage of going through every tough situation together. Nobody got any false idea that it was easy. When it came to the bedrock of pro football, suffering and hurting, making mistakes, taking licks, getting knocked down and jumping up so you could get knocked down again, we Minnesota Vikings led the league.

NEXT WEEK

Tarkenton learns the pro quarterback's trade and becomes a winner, but eventually writes a letter to Coach Norm Van Brocklin saying, "It is impossible for me to return...."

The Time to Go to Cooperstown



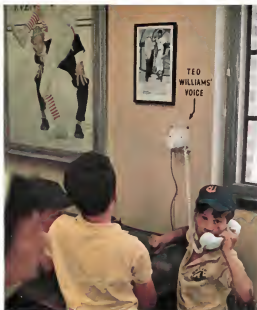
For a ballplayer, Cooperstown is a state of mind, an Elysian Field in which he would love to romp at some distant point in time when his spikes are worn out, his glove cracked and dried, his bat checked and splintered. But for a boy—including those who have girth now instead of muscle, and bald pates where thick hair once grew—it is a real thing of brick and wood, filled with plaques and statues and mementos by the dozen to bring back the glories of seasons past. The baseball museum at Cooperstown, N.Y. is a delight any season of the year, but the best time of all is Hall of Fame Day late in July, when the newest members are officially inducted in a happy splash of ceremony.

Photographs by James Drake



SAND LOT KID





Everywhere you look on Hall of Fame Day there are boys, many in baseball uniforms, more wearing baseball caps, all of them moving through the flowered town, listening, watching, savoring the excitement of being near the greatness they admire.





Casey and Ted and Old Abner Doubleday

Red Ruffing and Lloyd Waner will stand in a pleasant, tree-filled park in Cooperstown, N.Y. this Monday and, along with the late Branch Rickey, be admitted to baseball's Hall of Fame. Watching the ceremony, especially if you are willing to give or take a few innings and accept a few myths, you may come to the conclusion that Abner Doubleday did indeed invent the game there in 1839. Cooperstown does that to you.

During the course of a baseball season there are a few special times when the traditions supporting this peculiarly American game become so strong that those in attendance are momentarily silenced by the surge of nostalgia and anticipation. The first day of spring training, when a team—any team—comes out of a battered old clubhouse and jogs around the outfield, is such a time. So is Opening Day; and the moment when the public-address system announces the starting lineups for the All-Star Game; and the silent interval when the two opposing pitchers begin warming up for the first game of the World Series. To many who love baseball, Hall of Fame Day is the supreme moment of all.

It has been said of Cooperstown that you cannot walk out a door without running head on into a museum—which is fundamentally true. There are six of them in town—baseball's, the Farmers Museum, the Indian Museum, the Woodland Museum, the Carriage and Harness Museum and the Fensmore House—which is pretty good for a village of 2,500. But the National Baseball Hall of Fame and Museum is the best known, and on Hall of Fame Day, when someone is inducted into it and a major league exhibition game is played, the town suddenly swells to 10,000.

In July 1966 Cooperstown had two remarkable men enter the village to be inducted, Ted Williams and Casey Stengel. Williams sat in a nearby motel room for two nights writing his acceptance speech, and when he gave it he thrilled and surprised the crowd. "I feel humility and pride at the greatest thing that ever happened to me," he said. Stengel, of course, got to Cooperstown a few days early and walked its streets leaning on his cane and shaking every hand in sight. On the morning of his induction he started down to the lobby of the Otesaga Hotel, and as the elevator stopped at every

floor he found himself squeezed back into one of the far corners. As people boarded at each floor his voice came from the back, "Yes, yes, yes, come right in please. I'm fine and, thank you, I plan to have a pleasant day. Stayed up and wrote a little speech to give to the great fans who have come to see me. Williams and me." Between the second floor and the lobby the squeeze was a little too much for Casey. "This elevator," he said, "is about the size of the first ball park the Angels played in when they invented them in Los Angeles." Later that morning when Stengel got up to speak he folded his prepared statement and spoke as himself. "I chased the balls that Babe Ruth hit . . . And when I was managing in the minor leagues against Joe McCarthy's teams my players used to say that his teams were lucky and I said, 'Yeah, and they'll be lucky until 1999 if we keep playing them . . . I want to thank everybody for my first managerial experience at Worcester, which was last in the Eastern League, and where I met that fine fellow, George Weiss, who ran the New Haven club and who would find out whenever I was discharged and would reemploy me."

The game that accompanies the induction ceremonies draws the kids, and they drag their fathers. In 1939 each major league team sent two players to Cooperstown. Honus Wagner and Eddie Collins chose up sides, and men from rival leagues played together. Since then each league has sent a team. (This year the Cincinnati Reds will play the World Champion Baltimore Orioles.) Although the bulk of the crowd comes from neighboring areas in New York, Pennsylvania and New England, ticket requests are received from California, Puerto Rico and even South Dakota. The tickets never last long, within a few weeks after going on sale in the winter, they are all gone.

Just a few seasons back Charlie Finley, the owner of the Kansas City A's, decided that the Hall of Fame should be moved to some more convenient site (Oakland, maybe?), and nobody in baseball even bothered to argue with him. Baseball knows instinctively that its showcase must remain in small, out-of-the-way Cooperstown. As Ruffing and Waner will find out this week, when you get there it is well worth the effort.

—WILLIAM LEGGETT

For the last two years U.S. followers of the bullfight have been confronted by a galaxy of confusing and sometimes conflicting appraisals. Now comes John McCormick to evaluate both toreros and toros and to put the whole scene into focus. With publication of his excellent book, 'The Complete Aficionado' (World, \$7.50), McCormick, a professor of comparative literature at Rutgers University, has emerged as America's most authoritative critic of the corrida. McCormick not only is a longtime aficionado, he spent a year training to be a torero and, as an 'aficionado practico,' killed four bulls in Mexican rings (he eat one ear). Recently he attended the Feria de San Isidro and other corridas for Sports Illustrated. His report and glossary of taurine terms (page 36) follow.

by JOHN McCORMICK

TEN TOREROS IN NEED OF A BULL

Some aficionados say that the Feria de San Isidro, held in Madrid each May, lacks the delights of *ferias* in provincial Spain. For them the big city is impersonal, and the fair itself too professional and too long, producing a kind of taurine indigestion. If your idea of the real thing involves staying up all night, getting stumbling drunk at noon and being too hung over by early evening to distinguish the picador from his horse, then San Isidro is not for you. But if you want to see 17 corridas in 16 days, bulls from the best ranches in Spain and, on the whole, the best toreros active, let the drunks fall where they may, San Isidro is your feria. Coming so early in the season, San Isidro summarizes the preceding season and provides a forecast of things to come between June and October. For the established torero in midcareer, it means a just recognition. For the man on the way up or on the way down, it is the difference between five minor corridas for the year and hunger, and 30 or more major corridas and affluence. For the crop of newly fledged matadors, San Isidro is essential to a career; it is both a grueling test and a welcome challenge. Everyone is there.



STANDING SQUARELY BEFORE THE BULL, PACO CAMERO—TODAY'S MOST EXCITING TORERO—PERFORMS A QUOTE OF CHICUELAS



THE BEST WHEN HE WANTS TO BE, ANTONIO GONZÁLEZ EXECUTES AN AYUDADO POR ALTO

Las Ventas—the big plaza in Madrid—is the capital of the bull world, and San Isidro is the Christmas and the Fourth of July of the taurine calendar.

This spring the management of Ventas gave us, among established *toreros*, Paco Camino, Diego Puerta, Curro Romero, Santiago Martín (El Viti) and, inevitably, Manuel Benítez (El Cordobés). An older group of the established—Joaquín Aparicio, Miguel Baez (Litré) and Antonio Chelén (Antoñete)—made up a subgroup of men who have been in the profession for 20 or more years. On all occasions the three men worked identically, as old pros who know bulls inside out and all the tricks, but also as men who are coasting on their reputations, reluctant to risk their years and fortunes on difficult animals.

The largest single group at San Isidro was made up of *toreros* moving up or down, that familiar band of middling performers who for lack of the highest talent, or for one too many goings, or because they are athletes rather than artists, command middling fees, do no more than a workmanlike job and are content to play second to the stars of the day. Andrés Hernández, Manolo Amador, Curro Girón, Efraín Girón, Victoriano Valencia, Joaquín Bernadé, Andrés Vázquez, and Agapito García (Serranito). Finally there was the green crop, men who have had the *alternativa* two or three years at most or men who were confirming their *alternativa* in Madrid at San Isidro. Manuel Cano (El Pireo) fleshed out my suspicions of two years ago that he is an unintelligent im-

itator of his fellow Cordobán, El Cordobés. José Fuentes, though cold and uncertain with the sword, is a potentially great *torero*, classical, slow and graceful. Fully as impressive was José Manuel Inchausti (Tusón), a Basque of great style and insight, brave and exciting, who works in the classical style. Among the youngest, Sebastián Palomo (Linares), the newest sensation, was missing from the announced *cartel* with a serious going received early in the season at Castellón de la Plana. The others of his generation (average age 21 plus), Francisco Rivera (Paquirri), Pedro Benjumea and Agapito Sánchez (Bejarano), demonstrated to a boy that they are not ready for *toros*, or even what pass as *toros*; neither, incidentally, is Linares. They have all been pushed into taking the *alternativa* before they are ready. Benjumea, in particular, is *real carne de toros* (bull meat); he was tossed at least once by each animal he faced. No matter what Hemingway said, a tossing or a going is a sign of inexperience, stupidity, carelessness or bad luck rather than a thing of glamour and glory.

Conspicuous by their absence from the list were Antonio Ordóñez, the finest *torero* alive when he wants to be; Jaime Ostos, and Juan García (Mondelío). Disagreement about fees, according to rumor, was the reason. Even though one had to fly to Málaga to see Ordóñez and go out to the small Madrid plaza, Vista Alegre, to see Ostos and Mondelío, the *corrales* at Las Ventas were rich enough for most blood. On display was a qualitative and statistical cross section of Spanish *toros*, model 1967.

The bulls were something else again. It has to be said loud and clear that, while 10 or more *toreros* of the first rank are at work in Spain today, the art of *torero* is in danger of withering away for lack of the basic animal, the *toro* of at least four full years, having horn, muscle and a minimum weight of 1,012 pounds. Among the 96 bulls in 16 *corrales* at Las Ventas (one was a *novillado*), a dozen at the most were true *toros*. The rest were fat *novillos*, and possibly in some cases obese *becerras*, many of which did not have even the weight posted in the plaza. Weight is less im-

continued

portant than age. For, among bulls as among men, with age comes experience, confidence and efficiency in use of the defenses. Had Benjumea been facing a *toro* in the 10th *corral*, he would have been dead instead of coming away with a tossing. A *toro* goes in to kill, but a *novillo* will thrust once, then run off. Among the fine breeds of the past that were disappointing this year were the Pablo Romero, Conde de la Cortes, Juan Pedro Domecq and the Baltasar Ivans. The Miuras were Miuras, a great breed gone downhill, huge and ugly, in a beautiful way, and all difficult. The best string we saw were the Benítez Cuaberos, although they were too young. The Marques de Domecq and the Osbornes came out well. Except for the Miuras and the Benítez Cuaberos, few of the animals took more than one pic. The Regulations require three

Hardened by years of disappointment, the aficionado goes to San Isidro or to any other *feria* like a Salvation Army soldier to the Bowery, expecting little. Yet he goes because he has *afición*, which can be defined as a wet behind, an umbrella rib in the eye and someone else's cigar ash blown in the beard as you watch the *corrida*. San Isidro this year had its usual ups and downs. The weather began foul, moderated briefly, turned foul and again moderated.

The first day was typical of many to follow. The bulls, Conde de la Cortes from a once-great ranch, were poor. Their average posted weight was 1,172 pounds, fat horns, but the calf faces of *novillos*, with the exception of the third, which may have been 4 years old. *Toreros*: Litri, Antoñete and Diego Puerta. Weather: downpours, occasionally slackening, and windy. Neither Litri nor

Antoñete could or would cope with his bulls. Litri seemed to try with his first, but his capework was poor, and his *faena* was discreet and unintelligent. He seemed to have forgotten all he once knew about *lida*. He killed messily. His second bull, weak from three pics, he punished needlessly with the muleta and again killed badly. Antoñete's work was similar. Puerta saved the day, as he saves so many, by sheer guts. He is what the Spanish call a *valiente*, a very brave *torero*. He is almost a great one, but his bravery is excessive. Twenty-seven serious *corridos* demonstrate a certain inability to learn from experience. This season, for the first time in his life, he is killing badly. He cut one ear from his first bull, despite a sword in the neck and two *descabellos*. On his second bull he needed two swords and no fewer than seven *descabellos* attempts. We left

A GLOSSARY OF SPANISH TERMS USED IN TOREO

ALTERNATIVA The ceremony in which the *matador* (apprentice bullfighter) becomes a full *matador de toros* (eligible to fight bulls 4 or more years old).

AVISO Time warning sounded by trumpet to indicate that 10 minutes of the *faena* have elapsed.

AYUDADO POR ALTO Sword and muleta together extended waist-high, the *torero* cites the bull and passes it chest-high by rolling the wrists. An elegant punning pass.

BANDERILLERO A member of the *cuadrilla*, the team that assists the *matador*. The *banderillero* usually places the *banderillas* (barbed sticks) in the bull's withers.

BEFERRO A 2-year-old calf.

BREGA (From the verb *bregar*, to contend.) Preliminary running of the bull with the cape as a lure—usually by the *banderillero* to allow the *matador* to assess its qualities.

BRONCO As in English. A jumping, leaping bull, hard to fix in the cape or muleta.

CARGAR LA SUERTE A fundamental of classical *toros* in which the *torero* steps into, not away from, the bull's charge, using his arms and wrist to prolong and extend the maneuver.

CHICUELINA A decorative cape maneuver. The *torero* cites from the front, then turns into the cape as the bull pauses.

CITE DE FRENTE Citing the animal from a position forward of the *muerte* rather than from a position parallel to its body.

CORNADA A goring, a horn wound.

CUADRILLA The *matador's* team, consisting of three *banderilleros* and two picadors, the mounted lance-bearers.

DE FIRMA (From *firmar*, to sign.) A signature pass, or pass that ends a series of other passes by fixing the bull in position, preparatory to the next maneuver.

DERECHAZO A basic muleta pass delivered with the muleta and sword in the right hand, the sword extending the muleta away from the *torero's* body.

DESCABELLO The act of severing the bull's spinal cord with a special sword used only for this purpose.

EN REDONDO Execution of a muleta pass in which the *torero* so dominates the animal that it follows the cloth around the *torero's* body in a continuous motion.

FAENA All the work with the muleta, including the kill.

LANCE Any maneuver with the large cape that causes the bull to charge or to pass the *torero's* body.

LIDIA The entire art and craft of maneuvering the lures and moving the bull to positions in the plaza best suited to the bull's changing conditions. Fighting bulls are called *toros de lidia*.

MANSO A cowardly bull.

MILIDA Short for *muerte-veronica*. A lance in which the *torero* cites from the forward position, then gathers the cape in at his waist as the animal passes, so fixing it. Elegant and difficult.

MULETA The small lure. When opened, about five feet in diameter. In use it is folded into a half circle and mounted on a pair (stick) to extend it away from the *torero's* body. Scarlet in color.

NATURAL A basic muleta pass having more merit than the *derechazo*, for the lure is held in the left hand and the sword in the right, thus the sword cannot extend the cloth.

NOVILLO A 3-year-old bull.

NOVILLADA A *corrida* of *novillos* faced by *novilleros*.

PASE (Pass.) Any maneuver to the bull with the muleta, as opposed to *lances* with the cape.

PASE DE PUECHO Chest pass delivered with right or left hand.

PIC Picador's lance, also, the action of inserting the lance in the bull's *morris* (the hump of neck muscle).

PENCHAZO A neckkill in which the sword has bone instead of penetrating to the aorta.

QUITE Pronounced *kerity*. The act of luring the bull away from the horse or from a downed comrade.

REMAITE Maneuver with cape or muleta to end a series and to force the animal away from the body by judicious use of the wrists.

TENPLAR To slow down—or to appear to slow down—the bull's charge by efficient use of the lure.

TORERO Bullfighting.

TORO Bull of four or more years. Also *toro bravo*, *toro de lidia*. **VFRONICA** Basic cape maneuver, most difficult, most elegant and most important, essential to fixing the unpic'd bull in the cape and establishing domination.

VUELTA A trip around the ring demanded by the public as a reward for good work.

our seats, soaking wet, to drink cognac at the bar and to quarrel about whether Puerta deserved the ear.

The great day of the *feria* was to come in the 14th *corral* on May 26, but before that were many occasions, ranging from great to outrageous, to warm the aficionado through the bull-less winter. The always controversial El Cordobés appeared three times with bulls of varying qualities and with *toreros* of radically different styles from his, making possible a fairly objective standard of comparison. Now aged 31 and in his fifth year as a full matador, Cordobés is as good (or as bad) as he is ever likely to be. Known throughout the world as the highest-paid *torero* in history, Cordobés has become an event, like an atomic explosion or a thunderstorm. The reasons for his impact are interesting, but they have little to do with his abilities as a *torero*, this much was again clear at San Isidro. On the positive side, he has native intelligence, character, a high order of bravery, a disposition to work close to the horn and to endure the bull's charge without dancing, and a good wrist. On the negative side is his inelegant, shambling figure, a habit of keeping his elbows at his ribs, shoddy cape-work, *faenas* that are exciting for the wrong reasons—risky and out of control—and a consistent inability or lack of desire to kill honestly.

Cordobés the thunderstorm was created, first, by a public-relations machine so efficient that he looms as the Elizabeth Taylor of *torero*, second, by his ability to project his bearlike charm to a huge public; and, third, by sociological changes in the public itself. He appeared at a point in the 1950s when the young were ready to revolt against the classical canon in *torero* and to approve Cordobés' anticlassical, anti-*torero* style. He has created his own public of those who come only to see him. All he has to do is enter the ring looking like an unmade bed and women shriek and men begin waving handkerchiefs to award him an ear. He has become a large chapter in the whole modern anti-art movement.

Appearing with Victoriano Valencia and Paco Camino in the fifth *corral*, Cordobés brought into focus much recent history. The bulls of Atanasio Fernández were poor, lacking bravery and having a tendency to run in on the *torero*. Valencia did nothing, but Camino and Cordobés fought out a duel of sorts.

Camino's first bull refused the cape, but in his *faena* Camino was able to fix it in the muleta, slow it down and extract a fine performance from a beast that most *toreros* wouldn't have bothered with.

Cordobés took the next bull, slightly better than Camino's, and gave it his version of a Camino *faena*. He did not spin about in front of the animal as he usually does, but he gave it right- and left-hand passes and *de pecho*. Unlike Camino, he worked with his feet together and his elbows in, citing from close up and flicking the bull past with his wrist. As a result, he could not *templar*, nor could he kill properly. The *faena* had a mad excitement to it, but the difference from Camino's was the difference between a film shown at normal speed and one shown too fast on a run-away projector. Cordobés' special public demanded an ear, but the president refused because of a sword in the bull's ribs. In the provinces Cordobés would have got two ears and perhaps the tail.

When Camino's second bull came out—again a specimen that ran from the capes—he took the muleta and gave the bull *derretrazos*, feet together like Cordobés, showing that he, Camino, could do it, too, only better. Then in total contrast he cited for *naturales* from a distance *de frente*, legs apart, delivering beautiful passes *cargando la suerte*, as if to say, "This is what *torero* is all about." With his second bull Cordobés gave up the game and reverted to his usual style—jerky, abrupt, exciting and brave, but inefficient. He would crouch on his knees, then leap like a frog to the other side and crouch again, sending his admirers into delirium and his detractors into a rage. That afternoon underlined his greatest limitation, that he can give only one kind of *faena* to every bull he faces. This was again clear in the 11th *corral* of Marques de Domecq, quite good animals that Cordobés appeared to waste, for he made the noble animals look silly with his contortions, and because of his disrupting technique again failed to kill well. With his second he set an infamous record of record by being awarded an ear after having had an *oreja*, which is as though a baseball umpire agreed to adjust the foul line so that a long foul could score a home run.

On the first Sunday of the *feria* I preferred the *muro a muro* between Jaime Ostos and Miguel Mateo (Miguelín) to the *corral* of Tassarás at Las Ventas.

The bulls for Ostos and Miguelín, Diego Garridos, were really *novillos*, but they came out quite well. Ostos, an old favorite and another *valiente*, is one of the best swordsmen in Spain. His *faena* to his first bull was a pleasure, and his kill memorable. He cut two ears.

On the day of San Isidro, May 15, a charity *novillada* was held at Ventas with animals of six different breeders and two of the best *novilleros* of the year: Adolfo Rojas, a young Venezuelan Negro, and Antonio Millán (Carnicerito de Ubeda). Both men gave intelligent *lata* to their animals, and the six *novillos* were killed with six swords, something rarely seen at any time. Rojas is one of the most promising youngsters I have seen in a long time. He has South American flair, but a basically classical style. He is a fine *banderillero* and is good with the sword. Millán, also excellent, seems cold in comparison to Rojas, but he, too, has all it takes, if he will only wait another two years before taking the alternative.

Then at Málaga with Ordóñez was Mondeño, of whom Hemingway wrote, "He fights bulls like an altar boy serving Mass." Mondeño was always unsending, brave and limited to one pass, the *movelito*. When he draws a bull to which he cannot give that pass he is finished. After two years in retirement as a Dominican monk he came back, smiling up at the women in the stands rather like a tentative lecher, no longer the altar boy. El Viti, too, is smiling a bit these days, but his technique is degenerating, and he takes on mainly Salamanca sheep. Antonio Ordóñez has to be ranked first, even though he chooses his animals carefully and is coldly contemptuous of his critics. He is first for his total knowledge, for his incredible cape, his magisterial *ayudados por alto*, indeed all his beautifully slow *muleta* work. Twice retired and twice back, now 35 years old, he is a wonder to behold. The Spanish call him *inverguenito*, or shameless, because he often kills dishonestly, he is paid fortunes and he has the bullfighting world, and the bulls, in the palm of his hand.

Arithmetic says there cannot be two No. 1s in a series, but common sense says that Paco Camino has to be rated No. 1 also. He has the quality that Ordóñez no longer has: *oficio*, a sense of duty to himself and to his art that makes him give his best with every animal and

continued

never dog it. He had *oficio* as a boy of 17 and in his first years as a full matador; he seemed to have lost it two years ago, when he appeared to be turning into one more cynical *torero*. But now, at 26, he is a man in every sense, and the most exciting *torero* of this, or likely any other, time. His *verónicas* are almost as good as Ordoñez's, his *chuevas* are better and his *maleta* work is as good or better. His kills are often perfect, and they are always honest. His luck in the draw at San Isidro was not all that great, but what we saw again and again in his four appearances was his uncanny ability to take an average or inferior animal, *hregar* it himself, teach it and pull from it a performance that most *toreros* cannot get from a superior bull. That is a mark of greatness. In the fourth *corrida* we saw him make Aparicio and Liria, his seniors by a decade, look like novices. Working alongside Fuentes, a master of temple, Camino showed that he could *templear* even more so. His knowledge of distances and positions is such that he

works close without frightening you to death, he never is obliged to dance away from the bull's charge, he almost always establishes total domination over the animal.

Camino's best day, and the culmination of the *feria*, was the 14th *corrida*, the Benítez Cuberos. History was made that day, but a history that began on the preceding day, when Curro Romero refused to kill his second bull, a *monro* of Cortigoliva. Romero, an interesting *torero* who is famous both for his occasional panic and for a wonderful cape, had seen the animal run from the capes and from the horse. After his *banderillero* had placed one pair of *banderillas* he forbade his *evadido* to continue and, standing before the president's box, made the Spanish gesture of denial, a forefinger wagged horizontally. Here we have to recall that under the Regulations the president may retire a bull that has refused to go to the horse. But a *torero* may not refuse to kill the bull he has drawn, no matter what his judg-

ment of the animal may be. The president not only refused to retire the animal, but he waited for 10 minutes—the period of the normal *feria*—sounded the first *avisos*, then the second *aviso* at 13 minutes and the third at 15 minutes, the signal to take the bull out alive. All this time the crowd yelled obscenities at the president, and Spanish is rich in blue insults. Romero offered by gesture to take on the reserve bull, that, too, is forbidden by the Regulations. The upshot of it was that Romero spent the night in jail and was fined, all according to law. Thus the scene was set for him to vindicate himself the next day with a triumph, or to vindicate the president in a disaster.

The Benítez Cuberos made up a pretty good *corrida*: three *toros* and three novillos, average weight 1,146 pounds (posted), of fair horn development. They were weak, however, taking only nine pica among them, with one overthrow of the horse by Diego Puerta's second. Although they were not forbiddingly difficult, they were not easy, either, particularly the last three. The cartel—Puerta, Romero and Camino, three men from Seville, close to one another in age and the three finest *toreros* in Spain of their generation—was one we had all looked forward to. Romero's adventures on the 25th only gave the day an extra savor, and the entire crowd was on his side. What happened was, in the Spanish cliché, apothecosis, but for once it was truth, not cliché.

Puerta started things off by cutting one ear from his first bull, a noble animal of little force that needed the encouragement he gave it. Romero nervously began with a *quite* of *verónicas* to Puerta's bull, handsome ones until he lost his cape on the horn. Romero's first bull, a beautiful animal with a white stripe down its spine, came out hesitantly but improved as he gave it eight slow, close, breathtaking *verónicas*, finishing off with a perfect *media-verónica*. He had the crowd in his pocket then; the president, through binoculars, looked gray and depressed. Romero's *quite* of *verónicas* after the first pic and Camino's after the second had to be seen to be believed. And the *farsa*—nicely aligned, superbly timed—was a lesson to us all: *avudado por alto*, followed by tandems of *derechazos*, *naturales*, with *remates* of *de forma*. Nothing vulgar, nothing in excess. The kill, one honest



ON HIS GREAT DAY OF TRIUMPH, CURRO ROMERO COMPLETES A PERFECT QERECHAZO

puñazo, one good half-sword, one *descabello*. An ear to Romero and a *vuelto*, undeserved, to the bull. Romero made the bull.

Paco Camino's work to his first bull not only continued the standard set by the others, it surpassed it. As usual, he ran the bull himself, then gave it three *verónicas*, two *chirascos* and a *moño*, flawed only slightly by loss of his cape. After the first pic, the animal went in again to the horse and turned a complete somersault, a sign of nobility despite its apparent comedy. Treating the animal gently, Camino took it to the center of the ring and encouraged it further, cutting it *de frente* in the classical, and dangerous, manner. The bull began to stop in midcharge, an alarming situation, but Camino insisted, and the animal went forward again and again. Three great *ayudados por afío*, alignment for the kill and a full sword to the bull charging. Two ears to Camino and a *vuelto* to all three matadors and to the ranch foreman of Benítez Cubero.

Camino's work to his second bull, also dangerous, was a post-graduate course in *torero* and in bravery. Up to the kill he made not one error; he maintained an incredible grace and beauty of figure before an animal whose charge was not easy or predictable. The only thing that prevented him from cutting both ears was bad luck in killing. He needed three half-swords (all honest), one low sword, one in bone and one three-quarter, plus two *descabellos*. At the end of it, in spite of the messy kill, Camino, Romero and Puerta could have taken over the government, Gibraltar and the entire Middle East had it been up to the crowd. People threw onto the sand hats, shoes, wineskins, bones, crutches, money, underwear, cigars, pigeons, loaves of bread, watches, teeth, umbrellas and a small wolf. Strong men wept and weak men bawled. Only after such an afternoon—and you might get two in a lifetime—can you see 23,000 happy people in one place at one time.

They give awards at San Isidro. This year they read: "*Tranfador Absoluto de la Feria*, Paco Camino" and "Best kill, Paco Camino." Who else? Sadly but correctly, the traditional award for the bravest bull was not made. And that is how it is in Spain today: a handful of superb *toreros*, but the entire art in danger of disappearance for lack of the essential animal.

END

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Elvis Presley has a passion for golf carts. Not for golf, just for golf carts. He keeps at least two on the MGM lot to get around in while he is working. At the moment Elton and Nancy Sinatra are busy on something called *Speedway*, a film in which Elton plays a stock-car racer and Nancy, more improbably, a tax collector. Elvis gallantly loaned Nancy one of his carts. Just a little one, though—not his special cart, which holds 12 people and makes greenskeepers around the country grateful indeed that he does not play golf

Trumpeter and Cardinal fan **Harry James** has made his plans for October. He has had a clause written into his Lake Tahoe nightclub contract excusing him from active duty in October while the Cards are playing in the Series.

When he took over the ballroom at New York's Plaza Hotel for a party of 500 it did not occur to anyone to accuse **Author Truman Capote** of thinking small. However, British Television Sargent **David Frost** recently rented the White City, a London stadium that accommodates 35,000 for his party of only 200. But then Mr. Frost's plans for the evening were pretty vigorous. A number of his invitations included cards which read, "Congratulations. You have been chosen to take part in one of the

sports events." Until such guests—presumably those least prone to heart attacks—arrived, they didn't know whether they had been elected to bicycle, hurdle, play football or join an egg-and-spoon, sack and three-legged races. In any case, by 11 p.m. all of these activities were a challenge. As Frost's secretary observed, "At that hour and after a good dinner I found it excessively difficult to keep the egg in the spoon," and she is reported as not having stayed the course. Singer **Julie Felix** fell down a lot, but won the sack race. Two members of Frost's TV show, **John Clouse** and **Graham Chapman**, won the wheelbarrow race and Frost's own team achieved a 2-1 victory at soccer. The brief match was refereed by the manager of the Chelsea Football Club. He may never have seen anything quite like it.

One would think that Astronaut **Gordon Cooper** would be ready to settle down and grow tomatoes in his backyard, but there he was last week clamoring to get into an Indianapolis car. At a press conference he spoke up for **Andy Granatelli's** turbine, then took a turn around the Backyard. "I'd say there is a very definite probability that I'll be driving at Indianapolis soon," he announced. Next thing you know, A. J. Foyt will be zooming into space.

Former Las Vegas Showgirl **Georgi Edwards** is one of the few women around who fails to see the humor in Kipling's famous old line, "A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke." Georgi was seduced to wed **Philip Crosby**, Bing's son, at half past eight on the evening of Tuesday, July 11. At half past eight Georgi was ready and so were the 50 guests assembled by the lantern-lit pool at the home of an Albuquerque friend, but Phil was assembled in front of the television set watching the All-Star Game. Putting first things (to him) first, Phil stuck with the All-Stars until Tony Perez finally did Georgi and the National League the favor of hitting his 375-foot homer. The couple was married at 9:15.

Well, to each athlete his own training methods. **Race Driver Graham Hill** (below, left) seems to prefer working out in the air. World Middleweight Champion **Nino Benvenuti** (below, right) prefers the water and skis. Benvenuti is looking ahead to his September bout with **Emile Griffith**, and Nino's trainer, **Liberio Golizella**, in an effort to fend off boredom, has him on a schedule that also involves yachting and trips to the mountains. Hill (an unbreakable man), on the other hand, pretty much confined his training for last Saturday's British Grand Prix to jumping up

and down on the trampoline in his garden. "My first trampoline was a small one intended for my three children . . . but I became so interested in it myself that I bought a much larger one so that I could use it as well," Hill said last week. He should have bounced his Lotus Ford a few times, though. The car's suspension lasted only three-quarters of the way through the race and **Graham Hill**, healthy as he was, was out.

Jack Kramer survived the strain of competing—and winning—at Wimbledon 20 years ago, but the strain of talking about Wimbledon is so great that once it is all over he has to go and lie down. Kramer has just finished his eighty-year as a TV commentator for the matches, and he confesses that the whole business leaves him in a state of collapse. Last year he hit upon a remedy: he did his collapsing on the beach at Biarritz and found it so much more satisfying than going home to bed in Los Angeles that this year he has elected to go again to France, to the Le Lys Club outside of Paris. What exhausts Kramer is the strain of talking for 10 hours a day, all the while worrying that he is being repetitious. He has our admiring sympathy. Worry that they are being repetitious seems to be the last thought in the world to cross the minds of most sporting commentators.





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A new Dean on the list of great nonhitters

Buhl, Wight, Craig, Aguirre and Labine—all you pretenders to the title of the world's worst hitter stand aside and make way for a challenger with outstanding credentials, Dean Chance of Minnesota, who is currently 0 for 73

Forget for the moment that Dean Chance is one of the best pitchers in baseball, that his 11 wins have helped the Minnesota Twins to a place of contention in the American League pennant race. Forget, too, that in 1964 he was given the Cy Young Award after he won 20 games for the Los Angeles Angels and that last week he was the American League's starting pitcher in the All-Star Game. Forget these accomplishments and consider only this: Dean Chance, batter, is currently bearing down on one of baseball's most hallowed records—the most consecutive times at bat without a base hit. Chance is now 0 for 73, having been hitless his last 24 at bats in 1966 and all 49 this year.

When baseball men gather to talk

about the great nonhitters of baseball, certain names, all pitchers, are invariably mentioned. Like Hank Aguirre of Detroit (.057 in 1964) used to like to say he was one for three—one hit in three years—but unfortunately every time Aguirre had a really good nonhitting streak going—say 50 or 60 at bats—he would spoil it by dribbling one up the third-base line and beating it out. Roger Craig hit .016 in 1956, spooling a perfect 0-for-61 year with one little single. Sandy Koufax was a really awful hitter during the early years of his career (.065 in 1961), but then he spoiled it all by learning how. Clem Labine, the Dodger relief pitcher, never did learn how (lifetime average .076).

Until this season the American League record for consecutive times at bat without a hit was held by Bill Wight, who as a pitcher with Chicago and Boston went 0 for 69 between 1949 and 1951. Chance broke Wight's record just before the All-Star Game, and he did it with a flourish, striking out just to make certain. He is now only 14 at bats away from the major league record of 87, held by Bob Buhl, a truly remarkable nonhitter who established the mark between 1961 and 1963 when he was with Milwaukee and Chicago. Barring a fluke, like a ground ball hitting a pebble, Chance is a cinch to crack Buhl's record by mid-August.

So let us now observe Chance in the batting cage of Metropolitan Stadium in Minnesota, taking his cuts. Chance does not so much take cuts as flaps. His stance is nothing unusual. Perhaps the feet are a little too far apart, and the left, frost foot pines, awkwardly, straight at third base, but everybody recalls Stan Musial and remembers that stance is not everything.

It is only when the pitch approaches the plate that Chance's true futility with a bat is apparent. As the ball comes to the plate, Chance appears to be leaving the area. ("He's bailing out," says Bat-

ting Coach Jim Lemon. And he *does* look like a man with a parachute on his back.) At the same time he makes a strange gesture with the bat as if the ball was off on a cruise to the Riviera and the bat was waving bon voyage.

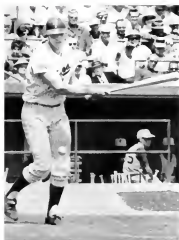
Normally you can summon any vendor out of the stands and he will be able to sock a few in batting practice, where the pitches are straight and harmless. Thus this fallaway act from a man of Chance's size, 6'3", 204 pounds, confirms the belief that he is conducting his own personal peace campaign with the ball. Dean Chance is batting's flower child.

"He is really bad," says Pitching Coach Early Wynn, who has been around long enough to have seen some really bad ones. "In fact, I can't say enough bad things about his hitting. It's hard to remember anyone that bad."

It is a part of baseball tradition that most pitchers take great pride in their hitting and talk about it constantly. Jim Kaat of the Twins, a good hitter, likes to take batting practice and remember his hits. "I grew up loving to hit," he says, "but a guy like Dean doesn't get any fun out of it. He was never really able to hit, and now all his desire to hit is gone. I think Dean is worse now than before. When he was with the Angels years ago he beat me with a bloop after we walked the eighth man to get to him."

Curiously, Chance does not treasure the memory of that hit. He seldom works on his batting, save for the few swings he takes with the scrubbers every day. Indeed, he seems not to remember too vividly any of his hits or near hits, almost as if they were flying saucers and he a skeptic who has seen but does not believe.

"Look," he says with friendly impatience, "I used to work on my hitting. I was out there with the Angels last year every day for a while. I used to swing like this. [He moved his hands a foot apart on the bat and waved it.] Swing-



SLUGGER CHANCE TAKES A MIGHTY CUT

ing bunts, you know. I tried batting left-handed. I pushed it, waited it. I tried everything. It didn't work. I think I'll try swinging bunts again."

The Minnesota management does not seem worried. They have always had a stable of good hitting pitchers. Kaat, Jim Grant, Jim Perry, Dave Boswell and Jim Merritt are all pretty good at the plate, and each has helped his own cause numerous times. "Kaat, Grant and Perry hit home runs to win games for us last year," says Lemon. "Chance's best shot is a hunt."

Cal Ermer, who came up from Denver early last month to manage the Twins, tries to get his star to push the ball past the pitcher, but Chance just cannot make contact. Although he is a poor hitter, he is an even worse hunter. No one recalls exactly how or why Chance got his last hit, but the records do show it was on August 7, 1966 against Joe Horlen of Chicago. Presumably God was in his heaven and the infielders were asleep. This season he has not even hit the ball out of the infield.

"Yes, I have," Chance corrects, in a rare but feigned moment of concern. "Right out there." All eyes are directed to the spot, as if following the flight of a tape-measure home run. The spot is on the dirt to the left of first base. "It was against Boston. Waslewski curved me. I pushed one in the air to Scott. He caught it just on the grass behind the dirt. It should have been in there." Chance also hit a momentous line shot to California First Baseman Don Mincher at Anaheim on May 20, but that has long since been forgotten.

Prior to Saturday's start against Kansas City, Chance had grounded out 11 times, bounced to the pitcher four times and struck out 30 times, along with his two outs in the air. On April 28 at Washington, in a performance that must be included in any catalogue of his hitting, Chance struck out four times.

In two trips to the plate against the Athletics last Saturday, Chance appeared particularly and completely helpless. He struck out on three pitches both times, and in the seventh inning, with the Twins trailing 2-1, he was called back from the on-deck circle to be replaced by a pinch hitter. Deprived, for the moment, of reaching the magic seasonal mark of 50 hitless appearances, he dejectedly walked away. "When you can't hit, you can't hit," says Dean Chance. **END**

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That is the ambition of Promoter Wally Dill (at right) as he seeks appreciation—and cash—for his tennis professionals' superior play



Professional tennis players are perhaps the only athletes in the world today whose fame is inversely proportional to their talent. Mention Rod Laver or his constant rival, Ken Rosewall, to any part-time tennis fan and you'll probably get a response like, "Oh, sure, I remember those guys. Laver—he was the little redhead with the big nose and the wistful forehead who won at Forest Hills in, er, when was it? And Rosewall, gosh, yes, he was always winning the Davis Cup for the Aussies with—now, don't tell me—er, Lew Hoad. Gee, whatever happened to those guys?"

Well, what happened to Laver and Rosewall, specifically, was that after showing a certain promise as amateurs back in their youth they went on to learn the game of tennis better and better and to prove to anyone interested in watching that they are indisputably the two greatest players in the world today. The tragedy of tennis is that not enough people are interested and that those who profess to care about the game seem to like it that way. The decision of the International Lawn Tennis Federation last week to continue the rigid *apartheid* between professional and amateur made it pitilessly clear to the best players in the world that they will have to go on indefinitely bidding for public attention as second-class athletic citizens.

As the ILTF took its vote in Luxem-

bourg the headlines were still echoing to the victory of John Newcombe over a lot of other amateurs at famed Wimbledon, but the best tennis was being played to considerably less acclaim in the U.S. at Massachusetts' Longwood Cricket Club by the 12 players taking part in the International Professional Tennis Association's current tour—a round of tournaments worth \$400,000-plus.

For athletes whom many seem to think worthy only of a place on the obituary page, they were a remarkably lively and optimistic group. They were playing the best tennis of their lives—or of anybody else's for that matter—and enough people were watching to make it worthwhile. It would obviously be wrong to conclude at this point that pro tennis has come into its own, but it would be just as wrong to write off the pro tour as a speculative venture that will soon go the way of the hula-hoop. The fact that the pros' so-called U.S. Championships were being held at an old stronghold of the amateur past was something of a coup. There was a time when a professional at Longwood would have been asked to use the servants' entrance.

Some drawbacks of the pro tour are endemic. Because of the small number of contestants, the tournaments tend to be top-heavy. Before his umpteenth campaign at Longwood last week Rod Laver had won nine out of 14 tournaments on

the U.S. circuit, Rosewall had won four. At virtually every tournament the semi-finalists include Rosewall, Laver, Andres Gimeno, and either Dennis Ralston or Fred Stolle. Other players, such as Pancho Segura, Mal Anderson and Alex Olmedo—who if amateurs would today be finalists at Forest Hills and Wimbledon—are always cast as spear carriers.

Another obvious negative is the lack of money available. Compared to what pro golf produces, tennis must be satisfied with peanuts, even though the prospects are improving. This year Laver will make about \$90,000, and Rosewall, who has played fewer tournaments, about \$30,000. Since the sponsor contracts in the various cities are not long term, there is no guarantee that there will even be a circuit in two or three years. Television, the sugar daddy of all other professional sports, has so far turned its red eye the other way.

On the up-beat side of the argument, however, there is Wally Dill, who is at once executive director of the IPTA and incapable of a negative thought. "If I could think of more bad things than good ones about this game," he says, "I wouldn't be here."

Instead of looking at where the pros should be, Dill chooses to look at how far they've come. "I admit we've got a long way to go," he says, "but consider

this. We've got 12 touring pros now. Three years ago there were four. And it wasn't too long ago that a couple of guys would play for \$200 and expenses in a supermarket parking lot.

"When I first got into this 18 months ago, there was no real tournament circuit, and prize money amounted to nickels and dimes. Now we make 19 stops in the U.S. alone, and we're playing here at Longwood for \$25,000.

"I used to think television was the only answer, and maybe it is. But we've got a five-year contract with Madison Square Garden Corporation, with no TV involved, that guarantees us total prize money of \$200,000 in New York. The smallest purse we play for is \$10,000, and all the guarantees are going up."

One big problem cited by television people is, of course, the lack of a definite time limit in a tennis match. It may be over in 30 minutes or three hours. Mike Davies, the exuberant Welshman who is one of three players on the IPTA executive committee, pondered this one for a moment last week, then bubbled, "What's the problem? TV plans to cover a fight for an hour, and it can be over in two minutes. A baseball game may drag on forever. They get away with it because they've got an attractive package. That's what we need to come up with, and I think we're making progress. Listen, give me \$500,000 and I'll get the top 20 amateurs in the world. That would give us 32 players. Then we'd form a league, with four players in each of eight cities, and play a regular schedule for three months. Then the fans wouldn't be rooting for Rosewall or Gimeno, they'd be cheering for New York against Los Angeles or San Francisco against Chicago or whatever. The players could even wear red or blue uniforms. Why all this white stuff? Tennis tradition is like an old grandmother. Bloody ridiculous.

"Let's experiment. Let's find out what will make tennis appealing, even if it means changing the basics of the game. They change the rules in basketball and football, don't they?"

Laver was a bit more restrained when he talked about the new look of the pro circuit. "Let's face it," he said "This is a business now. We've got to establish a base, and I think we are doing it. The old tour was nothing more than a sideshow, a traveling circus. It's different now."

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BRIDGE / Charles Goren

A good team must have a good bench

A Miami newspaper columnist, unhampered by intimate knowledge of the game at the World Championship level, recently annoyed the cognoscenti among his readers—but no doubt entertained nonbridge players—by professing astonishment that so sedentary an occupation should require six players on a team. He was quite correct that only four play at one time, but he was quite wrong in the assumption that championship bridge is not an exhausting game, as the victorious Italians themselves made clear while en route to the world title in June. Toward the end of that 10-day grind, Giorgio Belladonna revoked (it didn't cost much). Benito Garozzo bid seven hearts when he meant to say seven spades (he was allowed to correct this, but his partner was barred from any further bid) and Pietro Forquet made three errors in the same hand, including

Neither side vulnerable
South dealer
♠ A 8 2
♥ A K 8 7 4
♦ J 5
♣ Q 10 6

WEST	EAST
♠ J 4	♠ 6 5
♥ Q 6 5	♥ J 10 9 3 2
♦ K 10 8 7 5 4	♦ Q 2 2
♣ A 2	♣ J 5 7

SOUTH
♠ K Q 10 9 7 3
♥
♦ A 6
♣ K 8 5 4 3

SOUTH (3 over 1)	WEST	NORTH (Redeclarer)	EAST
1 ♠	2 ♠	2 ♥	PASS
3 ♠	PASS	3 ♠	PASS
4 ♠	PASS	4 ♠	PASS
5 ♠	PASS	5 ♥	PASS
6 ♠	PASS	6 ♠	PASS
PASS	PASS		

Opening lead: 7 of diamonds





BLEACHIES BEACHIES AND BLASTERS ON A SUMMER-IN AT WAIKIKI

Chicks and good guys from the mainland—20,000 of them—have moved in on Hawaii, some to surf, some to swing, some to dip their toes in the ocean, but all to have fun, man, before old age sets in at 25

BY DAN JENKINS

The city of Honolulu long ago became almost exactly what tons of vacationing Americans wanted it to be—Miami Beach, the Jersey Shore, and Santa Monica all swept under one gigantic muumu, with a breath like a pineapple factory and a Shrine ring for a heart. Since the 1930s, thanks to skillful promotion and advertising, it has been the custom of middle-ground mainlanders to give their wives the big break of a trip to Hawaii, which basically means Honolulu. They arrive in great, happy swarms with leis encircling their necks to eyeball level and rum-and-fruit drinks the size of old Diamond Head held clearly aloft in their hands. They marvel that the Pacific Ocean really is bluer than Possum Pond back home, roast themselves to a glistening pink, browse through the stores for coral jewelry and listen to the incessant hotel hula chant of "ha-luo kam-ah a-woo-a-la," wondering whether it translates into "Welcome to our exotic land" or "A Samoan will cut off your tree tops."

Meanwhile, unknown to the standard brand of tourist, there is another Honolulu. It has nothing to do with grass skirts and steel guitars, and it ignores everyone on Oahu who has committed the sin of aging beyond 26 years. Almost as if Diamond Head burped them up, there are at present about 20,000 coeds, hippies, beachies, blasters, bleaches and just plain beach bums strewn all along Waikiki Beach having a delicious summertime meeting of copper-toned tummers. (see cover).

Waikiki has become one of the youth cult's grand rites of summer, a seasonal byproduct of the Easter invasion of Fort Lauderdale, a summer-in, a pop festival, a massive bikini-clad protest against work, war, marriage and worry. Per square beer can, there may be more gloriously pretty young girls bursting forth in bikinis on Waikiki—and more guys stalking them—than anywhere else on Earth right now. In one of history's big fake-outs, they have convinced Daddy back in his hardware store and Mamma back at the bridge club that they are in Honolulu to surf, and perhaps to take a few courses at the University of Hawaii. But ho, ho, ho.

The famed Hawaii surf—the big waves—curls onto the island only in the winter months, at Makaha, Waimea Bay, Sunset Beach and on the Banzai Pipeline on the north shore—far removed from Waikiki in both time and distance. Right now that surf is about as high as the one in your bathtub. And the big wave rider who wants to hang 10 might as well take his board to the calm, glassy waters of the Lake of Lucerne.

So, what's happening? Well, for those in their late teens or early 20s, Waikiki is the beginning, or the middle, in a series of dropout summers given over to beach reeling, ocean tiptoeing, booze cruising, picnicking and romance seeking. And for those nearing the dangerous cutoff point of 26, the scene is marking the closeout of a fantasy, a final prelude to all of the unimaginable miseries that the main-

land holds: a steady job, a wife or husband and children.

"It's O.K. to be old," said a girl from Lubbock, Texas a few days ago, as she sat with friends on the white sand at Waikiki. "You just can't look old."

Although Waikiki Beach stretches for a mile in front of row upon row of hotels, and there are scrumptious chunks of bronze flesh as far as one can see in either direction, one particular point has become In—an area around the Moana Hotel trash can. There is nothing especially different about the Moana Hotel or its beach or its trash can but at least four years ago this spot was declared the In place by Waikiki's In-place declarers. Every day in the summer, hordes of beauties—primarily from New York, Texas and California—gather there to spend the idle hours with young men who have the proper In look.

The trash-can look is very important. For example, the girl must wear a bikini, must be deeply tanned, must be beautiful and must never, never, for God's sake, be fat. Preferably, she should have long, silken hair, but short hair is being accepted now. If she has long hair, she must never, as she once did long ago—like last summer—keep her hairbrush stuck into the top of her bikini. "A clack with her brush in her bikini just hasn't been around here," says a veteran of six Waikiki summers named Jabo Jerog. (Despite this edict, the brush-in-the-top look is still very much in evidence. Some people are always slow to get the word, even at the trash can.) And a one-piece bathing suit is so out of the question for a girl that fun-lovers around the trash can have to pause and give serious thought to whether they can remember what one looks like.

There are some equally important rules for the guys. For one thing, he must never wear a new swim suit of any kind. He must never be fat or pale. Actually, if he is really hip, he will wear a pair of \$1.50 plaid underwear shorts instead of a swimsuit, and they will be slightly faded. Finally, and above all, he must never under any circumstances have a haircut that suggests he might be in the armed services. "There really are a lot of service creeps around," says a California coed, one who no doubt remembers Korea as the big war and thinks Vietnam is somewhere near Duluth.

A regular trash-can named Sandy Gilbert from the island of Maui, a lush, short blonde dish who giddily admitted that she had attended six different boarding schools on the mainland but always came back to Waikiki for the summer fun, tried to explain precisely what a girl looked for in a young man. "No one is looking for a surfer," she said. "Surfers are kind of Out I mean, who wants to devote your life to surfing? You know, you just sort of want to have fun and not get married or anything. You don't want anyone too serious, but you don't want a beach bum either. There really are a lot of mee fellas around to date who aren't real grim and just like to spend the summer here having a good time." Sandy grinned. "Occasionally,

one of the girls will get married and move off to Phoenix or someplace."

If surfers are Out, so are a group of young men the trash-canniers cynically label "the jet set." A jet-setter in Honolulu has probably never been on a jet and couldn't find Acapulco on a map. He is usually in his late 20s, works as a dishwasher or a waiter in one of the city's hotels or restaurants and enjoys off hours by hanging around the more expensive bars, such as The Red Vest, wearing a blazer and a striped tie in the evenings. "These guys are the creepiest of all," said Jabo Jerog, who has a beard, wears \$1.50 plaid underwear on the beach and says his home town is "Harvey—ain't it a stroke?—Illinois." Jabo, who is 23 going on 27 and works as a merchant seaman when he gets desperate, said, "The jet-setters stand around and talk about big deals, but they aren't going anywhere, man."

Jabo was sitting on a wooden table at the hamburger stand near the trash can, surrounded by four lovelies, seemingly all named Linda, from Texas Tech. They were summer regulars. And this was a typical day. "You got to get acquainted with the scene," said Jabo. "First of all, there are thousands of neat chicks everywhere—like these." He nodded at Linda and Linda and Linda and Linda. "Look out there on the beach. Chicks. Great! Why be anywhere else?"

The Lindas giggled.

Jabo said, "Now, the jet-setters think they can move the chicks with big talk. But they can't. For one thing, the chicks aren't impressed with money. Most of them have money. They want a good time and nothing else. They want to hang on the beach, like we're doing, and go out on a booze cruise, which we do every Sunday, and go on picnics and just generally act silly and carefree. Everybody dates everybody else, and everybody hangs on the beach. Great!"

The Lindas said, yeah, great.

Jabo put his arms around two of the girls and continued, "You've sort of got three different kinds of kids here. There are the bleaches, the California dreamers. They throw around a lot of surf talk—shoot the Pipe, and all that junk—but they wouldn't go near a big wave. Their chicks have probably got a hairbrush in their bikinis."

"Yuk," said one of the Lindas.

"Then there are the trip-takers," said Jabo. "You know, the pot smokers and LSD blasters—hippies. There are a lot of those around. They lie around their rooms or apartments, totally stoned all the time. We know some of them, but they aren't around the trash can. They don't like to romp around in the sand or have water fights—or anything that requires energy, man. They're too stoned. And talk about not surfing!"

"I don't think I know too many people who surf," said one of the Lindas, innocently.

Jabo said, "Oh, I surf some. I mean, I can surf. But

surfing's hard work, and to do it well you got to do it a lot and really work at it. Good surfers are real athletes. Anybody hanging around Waikiki right now is not a good surfer. They're hot dogs on two-foot waves, putting some chick on. Anyhow, the third basic group is us—the good guys."

The group was joined by some of the other good guys. There was an attractive girl named Jo Quick, 25, a graduate of the University of Maryland who said that this was her first summer on Waikiki and most likely her last. "I'm too old," she said, "but it sure is great."

"You don't look too old," said one of the Lindas.

"Thanks," Jo said, smiling under her round dark glasses.

"You're too old for this kind of thing when you feel too old. Besides, I want to try Europe next. There are a lot of places I want to go before I settle down and get married. I wanted to see Hawaii, and now I've seen it."

"Yeah, that's it," said a tall, pleasant young man named Jim Allen. He wore a straw hat and plaid underwear and had a blond beard and mustache. "This is my last summer to play here."

Allen said he didn't know what he wanted to do, except go around the world. That was all. Just go around the world. He was from Portland, Ore. and he had done the Waikiki scene many times, but now he, too, was getting old. He had been in and out of college, had spent three years in the Marines, had tried surfing and lost interest, and the main reason he preferred the beach life of Hawaii to California was that Hawaii had trees. "Being from Oregon, I like trees," he said. For money, he occasionally worked, like Jabo, as a merchant seaman. "I'm 23," he said, slightly forlornly. "That's not old, but it's not young either."

"Not really," said a Linda, rather uncertainly, one felt.

Jim said, "I think the thing that everybody ought to understand about this scene is that most of the kids here are pretty good kids. They're mostly in colleges on the mainland, and this is their vacation. They might as well be goofing off here as around the country clubs back home. Some of us try to organize things for them."

The chief organizer is a 22-year-old named Jesse Sartain, who has spent most of his life in Honolulu. He is the self-appointed social leader of Waikiki, a thin, short, nice-looking fellow with a gift for words, who keeps himself steadily embroiled in projects. It is Sartain who gets Henry J. Kaiser to lend his 100-foot catamaran for booze cruises. It is Sartain who manages to stage "ceeds-return all-college" dances. With Jabo Jerog and Jim Allen and a pal of Allen's named Steve Washburn and a little New York girl named Muddy Chester—and Jo Quick and Sandy and all of the Lindas—Jesse Sartain constantly lures a thousand or more Waikiki trash-canniers to picnics, beer busts, snowball fights (he brings in tons of shaved ice from somewhere), parades, beachside mural paint-ins and dance-ins, and he

—continued—

works a deal with a place called the Blue Goose whereby coeds can buy beer at 5¢ a glass.

Sartain also publishes a weekly newspaper called *The Sandwich Isles' Free Press*, which is distributed on Waikiki by strolling beauties in bikinis and is designed to keep all conscientious trash-cannons informed or hip. From a couple of recent issues, here are some of Sartain's more enlightening items:

"HIPPIES HIT MAUI. Hippies are 'mushrooming' the population of Maui and Lahaina. There are two new psychedelic shops—Strawberry Fields Forever and Herbs and Stuff. There are some out-of-sight pads with oriental tapestries, other-world paintings, bells which peal in the breeze, gods' eyes, indirect lighting, incense burners for meditators and to conceal the pot scent and stacks of folk-rock and Indian music. Volume has brought the price of pot down to \$10 for a fat lid."

And for Jesse's personal column, which is titled *Off Hand*: "Great marketing idea: van-choc-straw kava, the original trip device of the Polynesian, is legal and potent. It would be a great hit at luaus and assorted feasts. . . .

"Unless you make your own or buy military, the best deal on spirits is wine from any Safeway Store. Slightly over \$2.25 for a gallon, and tastes better than turpentine. . . .

"Reports have reached us that the machine used by the Federal Government to test the hallucinogenic effects of banana smoking doesn't get high, either. . . .

"Latest folk hero is Sir Charles Chichester Sebastian Dangerfield, one of Hawaii's outstanding surfers and the first man to go left off Waimea. His latest feat was to surf the 35th Baffin Bay tide. Sebastian is now somewhere in Fiji, awaiting their hurricane season for super surf."

Next day at the Moana trash can, Jesse Sartain was as busy and harried as a 22-year-old promoter can be. He was racing around the beach, slapping decals on flat, copper, bikined tummies, hollering at Jabo, Steve, Jim, Jo, Sandy, Maddy, all of the Lindas and several others, to get organized for the march to the Hofbrau. "This is officially the first day of summer," he said. "At least, I say it is. And we're gonna parade to the Hofbrau, whereupon we'll have a real kegger."

Several girls looked excited.

"Tomorrow," said Jesse, "if all of you are good, we may select a few of the lovelier creatures and go to Sacred Falls for a picnic!"

"Wow," said a Linda.

Jo Quick explained everyone's enthusiasm for doing something besides sprawling on Waikiki. "Most of the kids don't have cars, so it's difficult for them to do anything that isn't within walking distance of their apartments or the beach. Jesse is great at organizing. He gets guys to have big parties at their homes, and he gets bars to serve cut-rate beer. He gets a few restaurants to serve two meals for the price of one, and that kind of thing."

What Sartain has started, actually, is a "coterminity," a combination sorority and fraternity for any of the young men and women who want to pay him or any of his friends \$1.50—the price of a pair of plaid undershorts, as it turns out. He has named the coterminity the Greeks, which is hardly imaginative but fits easily into the headlines of his *Sandwich Isles' Free Press*.

Busy as he was, Jesse relaxed for a moment before his march to the Hofbrau to supply some background on the fun and games of Waikiki. "Let me just point out a few realities," Jesse said. "If no one organized the hundreds of good kids, they'd really get in trouble. Those of us who call ourselves the winter group are here year round, and we know everybody. They know us. They come back every summer to get with the winter group because they know we'll arrange a lot of stuff for them to do. We do all kinds of things. We won't surf, but we'll body-surf over on Sandy Point—and that's more fun, anyhow. We'll have ti-leaf slides—that's sliding down a hill in the mud, to put it crudely—and picnics and beer busts and dances. Every day's a holiday, man."

Jesse was asked if he would kindly point out a bum—preferably a lovable bum—who wouldn't mind admitting it.

He scanned the beach. "Well, that's a beachie over there," he said. "That husky Hawaiian creep. You don't want to hang around his type. He's the kind of creep who'll come up to you in a bar or somewhere and sit down at your table and tell your chick to buy him a beer. If she acts offended, you got yourself a fight, baby."

It was confided that a lot of chicks go for local creeps, but not for long. They will get invited out on a formal date, dinner and dancing perhaps, but when the check comes the girl will be asked to pay, because, strange as it may seem, the young man has misplaced his wallet. "I know guys who live off chicks all summer—a different one every two or three days," Jesse said.

He finally spotted a lovable bum named Larry who was stretched out on the beach between two girls. Larry definitely did not have the lin look. He was a little man, had long, wavy black hair and was not very tan. He raised himself up on one elbow and sipped what appeared to be red wine from a glass. He spoke in a deathly quiet, slightly incoherent voice.

"Hey, man," he said softly.

Larry was asked what he did—like for a living.

He said, "I, uh, travel a lot, man."

One of the girls smiled without opening her eyes. The other had not acknowledged that anyone had intruded. She was lying stomach down on a towel.

Did he do a lot of time on the beach?

He smiled weakly. "Yeah, I've done some time."

He was making a small joke, and one girl laughed.

One could detect a slight Hawaiian accent, and one wondered what extraction Larry was.

"Jewish, man," he said. And the girls laughed.

It was carefully explained to Larry and his friends that

their visitor was not the fuzz, was an O.K. guy, and that it would be all right for them to speak freely about their roles in the vast Waikiki happening.

"Well, look, man," said Larry. "You want to get straight, or what?"

Larry was told thanks just the same, but the Coke didn't really need a pastel-colored sugar cube. This was, if he could believe it, work. And would he mind saying what he thought about the Waikiki hangers?

He stared out at the ocean for what seemed like a couple of minutes—probably hours to him—and then asked his two friends what they thought. One girl's name was Pattie, and she said she was from El Paso, and the other's name was Gwen and she thought she was born in Alaska somewhere. Both were reasonably attractive and in their early 20s.

Gwen said she preferred a swimming pool, because sand was dirty. Pattie said it was something to do.

Fine, but what about the fact that there were thousands of kids romping around?

Larry said, "You got to be somewhere, man."

He wrote down the phone number of a friend and ended the conversation by saying that if a man ever wanted "a piece of cake or anything," to get in touch. He took another sip of his red wine, and all three of them turned over and went to sleep—or perhaps Bombay.

Back at the Moana trash can, there was activity. Jim Allen, beard, mustache and all, was being buried alive in the sand. Jabo Jerog said that it happened frequently, and wasn't it a funny stroke?

What they would do, Jabo said, was cover him completely over, except for his mouth. On his upper lip they would paint eyes, and then they would place a tiny doll's dress below the mouth so that it would look like someone had dropped the doll on the beach. Hopefully, then, a child, or even an unknowing adult, would come along and stoop down to pick up the doll—and Jim Allen would let out a horrendous scream from below the sand. And all of the trash-canners would fall down and die.

"If that doesn't happen," Jabo said, "we'll just sit around and look at it for a while, which is funny enough." One of the Landas said it was certainly the funniest thing she had ever seen.

Jim Allen didn't get to lie under the sand for very long, because Jesse Sartain demanded he be resurrected to help lead the march to the Hofbrau.

Suddenly, almost as if they had parachuted out of the royal palms, there were 200 or so trash-canners milling about, some of them carrying handmade placards and banners. The signs made a certain amount of sense. The lead banner, proudly earned by Jabo and a luscious young thing from the big island of Hawaii named Kane Calhoun, proclaimed simply: SUMMER '67. Other posters reflected the thoughts that one often finds on T-shirts: PRAY FOR SURF, GOD IS ALIVE & WELL IN GREEN BAY, SKI VIBES AND WAR FOR PEACE!



Contributing to the Hofbrau din, Steve Washburn wrestles with a guitar, and bearded Jim Allen hangs loose at a banjo.

Not everyone in the march could get into the Hofbrau on Kalakaua Avenue, the main street of the Waikiki area. At least 50 were left out on the sidewalk, which wasn't the worst thing that ever happened to them. Inside the Hofbrau, which looks just like the beer parlor where everyone used to hang out in college, the noise was deafening, and if you inhaled and stood rigidly straight and didn't move, you could avoid being trampled to death.

Groups of six, eight and 12 were jammed around every table, girls squirming in their bikinis on the laps of guys in their undershorts, with free beer—arranged by Jesse, of course—dopping on them all. Up on a small conbo stand was Jim Allen, washed of sand, manhandling a banjo, while Steve Washburn mutilated a guitar. It sounded like a combination of the Jefferson Airplane and 15 air hammers. There were intermittent screams from girls and whoops from the boys, and now and then a strong chorus of indefinable lyrics. A lot of the girls seemed to change laps when new beers arrived. Jabo Jerog, among the men, skillfully made his lap more available than anyone, it seemed. At one point, he jumped up and went shoving his way around the dark room, acting as if there were so many lap-sitters that he didn't know which way to turn next.

"Cheeks, cheeks, chicks!" he yelled.

Presently, he logged two heretofore unseen beauties over to a corner where two friends stood. "Look at these!" he said. "Aren't they terrific?" He turned to one of them, a wide-eyed blonde.

"What's your name, dear?"

The girl said, "Sh-Sharon."

"Groovy," said Jabo. He turned to the other, a short-haired brunette, simply perfect. "And you?"

"S-Sarah."

continued

"Sharon and Sarah. Great," said Jabo. "Where you from, dears?"

"We're from Lubbock," one of them said.

Jabo leaped up in the air, as if he had found a lot of money.

"You wouldn't be . . . you couldn't be . . . it isn't possible that you're . . . are you friends of Linda's?" he asked.

"Hey, yeah," said one of the girls. "Are there any Lindas here from Tech?"

"Yowee," said Jabo, off to flash the news of his fantastic discovery.

After an hour of what Jesse Sartain would call "getting snookered" at the Hofbrau, the kids began drifting away. Free beer, after all, ended at 6 p.m.

A couple of days later, in the relatively quieter but no less curious atmosphere of Honolulu's Ilikui Hotel—a place that can transport you to Miami Beach like a shot with its group hula lessons, promenade of expensive shops and house natives lighting torches around the pool—proof was furnished that there are a few real, live, honest, serious surfers in Hawaii.

Living peaceful, *struggle* lives on Oahu are such celebrated big wave riders as Fred Hemmings, Felipe Pomar, Charlie Galanto and Fred Van Dyke. Hemmings, who won the Makaha international championship last fall, is a Honolulu native, now 22, a former high school football star who turned down a dozen mainland college offers because he didn't want to leave the big surf. He is handsome, friendly

and intelligent, and works in the evenings as the manager of a restaurant, the Colonel's Plantation. Pomar, 25, is from Lima, Peru, was the world-champion surfer in 1965, and is currently enrolled at the Church College. Galanto is from Connecticut and operates a Greg Noll Surfboards franchise in Honolulu. Van Dyke, who is 38 but will ride as big a wave as anyone, is from San Francisco and a teacher at the exclusive Punahou School on the island.

"You want to know what's happening?" said Hemmings. "This sport is getting raped. In the whole world right now, there aren't over 25 guys who'll ride the big waves at Makaha or Waimea, and four of us are sitting here having lunch. That's surfing. Everything else is for hot dogs, and I mean off of California, man. That scene on Waikiki is so far away from the sport of surfing, it's ridiculous. There's nobody down there but dreamers. It's a zoo, man."

He looked around the table at Pomar and Galanto and Van Dyke and received nodding approval. "Surfing the big waves really isn't a sport at all," Galanto said. "It's more like a . . . a disease. It's not fun. Hell, water skiing is fun. Chasing girls is fun. But riding a 20-footer at Waimea, for us, I mean, well, that's just something you've got to do to live. It has nothing to do with competition. Competition surfing is silly, right, Fred?"

Van Dyke agreed. He has been riding big waves for 15 years and has never entered a surfing championship. He has watched them at Makaha and Sunset and Waimea and sat amused as dozens of California hot dogs, taking their first look at the big curlers of Hawaii's winter, refused even to go in the water. "You can't judge who's the best surfer," said Van Dyke. "You see guys labeled No. 1 who wouldn't go near a big wave at Waimea."

"The Dana Point mafia is what's responsible for that zoo on Waikiki," said Hemmings. The Dana Point mafia, he half joked, is the California surfing establishment that is making money out of the sport through magazines, boards, trunks, films, etc.

"You can't explain what it's like to ride the big ones," said Pomar. "All I know is that I turned down a movie contract in order to live here, where the big waves are. It's just something I have to do. There probably won't be more than 10 or 12 days out of the whole winter when you will find the great waves. And even when you find them and you get in a tube, a good ride won't last more than 20 seconds. But it will be worth waiting for."

"It really is a disease, more like gambling than sport," said Hemmings. "But it's nothing like the disease of that Waikiki Beach, man. These dreamers ought to all go back to California and stop giving our sport a bad name."

Some day they will, Fred. In another year or so they will, by necessity, discover a new kind of trip. It goes like this: you do this goofy thing that this straight cat tells you to do for about eight hours a day for about five or six days a week, and then this cat lays some bread on you. You spend it, and then you start in doing the same goofy thing again. Totally amazing. It's called work.

END



Appropriately close to the Moana ranch can, leaders of the In group—Jabo Jeroo (left) and Jesse Sartain—are surrounded by Lilian Jacobs, Heidi Fuchs and Beverly Crampson

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BASEBALL'S WEEK

by HERMAN WEISKOPF

AMERICAN LEAGUE

As if a choir director had given the signal, optimistic managers burst forth in song during the All-Star break, each voicing high hopes for a pennant. Hank Bauer of BALTIMORE (2-3), Joe Adcock of CLEVELAND (2-4) and Mayo Smith of DETROIT (0-5) all sang songs that went, "This race isn't over yet, and we can still win it." Then along came BOSTON (4-1), NEW YORK (3-2) and WASHINGTON (3-0), all with no appreciation for music. The Red Sox took three of four from the Orioles, the Yankees did the same to the Indians and the Senators swept four from the Tigers. Dave McNally pitched a shutout for the Orioles, but the rest of the staff was pummeled for 20 runs in three losses. A former Oriole, Steve Barber of the Yankees, pitched a four-hitter against the Indians, and Al Downing and Fritz Peterson added five-hitters. Another ex-Oriole, Mike Epstein, drove in six runs as the Senators took a doubleheader from the Tigers. The Senators ran their winning streak to seven games, their longest since 1963. "Hitting," explained Epstein obscurely, "is an inherent thing, a learned response. I am now reacting to pitching in an instinctive way." Epstein's batting average, .150 a month ago, was up to .234. Meanwhile, the infighting for first place became furious. CHICAGO (3-4) retained its slim lead, due largely to shutouts by Joe Horlen and Gary Peters (with help from 44-year-old Hoyt Wilhelm). The White Sox' position became even more perilous, when Tom McCraw and Tommy John left for two weeks of military duty. On top of that, there was a revival of the old charge that the secret to Chicago's success was frozen baseballs. CALIFORNIA (2-4) tested a ball brought from Anaheim with a ball obtained in Chicago, and the Angels felt they were on to something when their own

ball bounced three inches higher on a cement floor. Bill Skowron, who was traded from the White Sox to the Angels earlier this season, said, "There's something funny about the ball. But I don't want to get into this." Alvin Dark of KANSAS CITY (2-3) thought he had solved his biggest problem. Fourteen of his team's last 18 losses were attributable to home runs. When he had a 2-1 lead in the ninth against the Twins he brought in Jack Aker to pitch. After all, Aker had allowed just two homers in 60½ innings. So Harrison Killebrew of MINNESOTA (4-1) led off the ninth with a home run (his fourth of the week), and on the very next pitch Tony Oliva hit another. At week's end the Twins were within half a game of the White Sox.

Standings:	Chi 10-22	Minn 13-27	Det 15-40	Cal 45-40	Kan 47-64	Day 42-68
Bat 41-16	Wash 41-47	Pitt 39-47	BC 32-52			

NATIONAL LEAGUE

ST. LOUIS (2-4), which had lost 12 of 21 games over a three-week period, clung to first place only because its closest pursuers were also faltering. But with Bob Gibson (broken leg) and Curt Flood (bad shoulder) on the disabled list, the Cardinals were relying more than ever on the hitting of Orlando Cepeda and Tim McCarver (page 18). Willie Mays of SAN FRANCISCO (2-3) was hospitalized and placed in the care of a neurosurgeon, who said, "Mays is recovering from a severe influenza attack. He needs a complete rest." Juan Marchal was hit hard for the second time in a row, and in his past two starts against the light-hitting Mets and Astros) had given up 24 hits and 15 runs in 10½ innings. Taking up the slack were Jim Hart and Mike McCormick. Hart has hit 417 in 16 games since switching from third base to left field. McCormick won his eighth straight game and 12th of

the year. Leo Durocher of CHICAGO (3-2) said that if he won the pennant he would "turn someballs all over Chicago, then jump off the Wrigley Tower." The Cubs put a damper on such acrobatics by extending their number of games without a homer to nine. Then they hit three home runs and won a doubleheader from the Braves. Maury Wills and Jerry May of PITTSBURGH (2-3) evaded long hitting slumps, yet the vaunted Pirate offense remained bogged down. Thus, when Tommie Sisk pitched a three-hitter against the Cardinals, the lowest number of hits allowed by a Pirate since mid-April, he lost 2-1. CINCINNATI (3-2) was bolstered by the shutout pitching of Gary Nolan and the clutch hitting of Tony Perez (below). Nolan picked up his fourth shutout, raised his strikeout total to 123 in 122 innings and brought his ERA down to 2.29, the second best in the league. PHILADELPHIA (1-2) Manager Gene Mauch summed up some lousy hitting and snappy fielding by ATLANTA (3-0) by saying, "They got the footage on their wood and the inches on their gloves. That's the best defense they've ever played against us." Don Drysdale of LOS ANGELES (2-3), who had lost seven of his last nine games, stopped the Cubs on five hits. Dave Guss of HOUSTON (3-2), 0-5 on May 20, brought his record to 6-8 with the aid of Eddie Mathews' 500th homer. Jack Fisher of NEW YORK (3-3) pitched superbly against the Reds but booted up a chance to win when, with the bases loaded and one out, he missed a squeeze-play sign, and two Mets, running with the pitch, wound up on third base. Ed Kranepool's five RBIs led the Mets to 2-1 and 8-5 wins over the sagging Cardinals.

Standings:	StL 51-38	Chi 49-38	Cal 49-41	Atl 40-45	SP 42-61	Pitt 42-61
PHI 41-47	LA 36-50	Minn 36-52	NY 34-56			

HIGHLIGHT

Pete Perez was so excited when her husband Tony was named to the National League All-Star team that she insisted on flying with him from Cincinnati to California. She also decided to take along their 14-month-old son, Victor. The Perez family caught a plane that landed in Los Angeles late at night. Arriving at the hotel where the All-Star players were quartered, Perez was told that his room had already been taken, but after some scurrying about the management came up with the last remaining space—the 558-a-night presidential suite. Perez got it for \$11. The next day Paula and little Victor sat in the stands while for three hours Tony sat on the bench. By that time the game was in the 11th inning, a 1-3 tie as the result of home runs by the two third basemen, Richie

Allen of the Phillies and Brooks Robinson of the Orioles. Then Third Baseman Perez got his chance. The first time up he struck out to join a who's who list of major league sluggers who set a record for All-Star Game strikeouts—30. But in the 15th inning Perez put an end to the longest All-Star Game ever by hitting a home run. By that time it was 7-45 p.m. in Anaheim—10:45 o'clock Cincinnati time—and Victor Perez was asleep in his mother's arms.

Three nights later Tony Perez broke up another extra-inning game. The Reds and Mets were tied 0-0 in the 10th inning when Cincinnati left runners on second and third with two out. The Mets intentionally walked Pete Rose and took their chances with the All-Star hero. Perez leaped the first pitch for a single. It wasn't quite as glamorous as the All-Star Game, but this one counted in the standings.



FOR THE RECORD

A roundup of the sports information of the week

BOATING—WILLIAM WYNEALE, of Marblehead, Mass. accumulated a winning low total of 17 points in the world championship for International One-Design yachts in Havelock, Nova Scotia, to defeat runner-up Kjell Nygaard of Norway by four points and the 1965-66 champion, Jack Wootton of San Francisco, who finished third, by 16.

SKI—Sailing strong at the age of 39, the late De-Cruze Valley's legendary 58-foot speedster *NINA*, gave a training day to the Merchant Marine Academy, near Cran A and over the horizon in the 136-mile Marblehead-to-Halifax ocean race. *NINA* was stopped by Peter's son Tansley, a New York stockbroker.

GOLF—The U.S. and British teams played in a draw in their second annual challenge match, on Long Island, at the Westchester Market Club in three double games and the Westchester Golf Club of London took two singles and a double.

GOLF—Argentina's 46-year-old ROBERTO DE VICENZO edged defending champion Jack Nicklaus, England, with a final round of 70 for a 72-hole total of 278 (over 12).

KATHY WHITWORTH won her first LPGA Championship in the sixth 54-hole uphill putt on the 18th green of the final round in Barton, Mass. For a 72-hole total of 284, and stroke ahead of Verlie Engstler. The first money of \$2,625 (winner) her earnings to \$14,652.30—top on the tour's money-ranking list.

VERNE CALLISON, a 48-year-old Sacramento work keeper, won his second National Amateur Public Links tournament with a 75-hole score over par 267 on the Jefferson Park Municipal Course in Seattle.

WATER RACING—L. K. Shonoff's 8-year-old California grifting NADIVER (111.66) won, as Jimmy Lambert Jr. declared himself favorite. Prizes for five lengths for an unprecedented third straight Hollywood Gold Cup victory and his 13rd sixth triennial (over 30). Native Diver's \$182,100 share of the \$182,000 prize put his career earnings over the million-dollar mark (\$3,002,850).

DAMASCUS (15), owned by Mrs. Edith Barcroft and ridden by Willie Steiner, won in Texas in his first for 3-year-old horses of the Year. Inherits with a 14-length win over favorite Turn in the 104-mile, \$55,200 Dwyer Handicap at Aqueduct.

With double bets up, DR. FAGER (52.20), the Russian stallion for the 3-year-old colts, broke back a second off the track record in winning the 116-mile, \$62,400 Rockingham Park Sprint at 1:40.1/4, leading 4 1/4 lengths ahead of Reason in Heat.

BUSTED (4-3), with Anne George Moore aboard, scored a three-length victory in the King George VI and Queen Elizabeth Stakes at Ascot, England, as Charles Elphinstone's 5-year-old *Robisco* finished third.

BOTOR SPORTS—Scotland's JIM CLARK won the British Grand Prix for the 16th time, his Lotus-Ford averaging 117.64 mph for 233.6 miles on the Silverstone course to defeat the Repco Brabham of New Zealand's Dennis Hulme by 12 seconds and for Australia's Jack Brabham for second place in the world driver championship standings at 19 points. Hulme finished ahead, with 31.

BOYING—The VESPER BOAT CLUB of Philadelphia won two U.S. titles at the Pan American Games Aug. 3 by taking the four-oared coxed and coxed pair trials on the 1,000-meter course at Orchard Beach, N.Y. Other winners: First heavy-weight freestyle, GARDINER CADWALLADER, and BOB BECK, in the pair with cox, the Potomac State Club's TONY JOHNSON and LARRY HUGGINS in the pair without cox, and Sam Thayer's JIM STORM and New York's JIM DE LEE in the double scull.

SOCCER—USA, The United Soccer Association ended its seven-week season in WASHINGTON's White House when the Los Angeles Wolves 3-0 in a replay of a simulated game to give Eastern Division title. Then, in the championship game, Los Angeles (which already had clinched the lead in the West) met Washington once again. This was a 171-minute marathon—led 1-1 at half time, 4-4 at the end of regulation play and 5-5 at the end of a 30-minute overtime. Washington's Alby Shawas accidentally scored in his own net after six minutes of a sudden-death overtime to put LOS ANGELES the title 6-5.

NFL BALTIMORE (112) increased its lead in the Eastern Division to 11 points by splitting two games, a 4-2 win over Tampa and a loss to New York, while PITTSBURGH (101) ended a six-game winless streak with a win in New York and to LEON ATLANTA (94) split in games, and NEW YORK (84) finished out of the cellar for the first time since. Aged 16 with a 4-1 victory over Pittsburgh and a 3-1 win over Baltimore, PHILADELPHIA (84) slipped to last place in its division in 10th season at home, with Toronto, after dropping a 2-0 game to Atlanta in the Western Division. OAKLAND (112) returned to last place, losing Los Angeles 5-0. SF LOS (97), with Rod Klotz's unnamed goal the 10th of the season for 27 points as the league's leading scorer, defeated Pittsburgh 1-0 for a two-point lead over the Times, LOS ANGELES (82) dropped into third after its draw with the Clippers, CHICAGO (82) took a 2-1 game from Atlanta, and Tampa TORONTO (82) lost one, and one.

TEENIE—MANUEL SANTANA defeated Rod Taylor's Alexander Mettewits 6-6, 6-3, 6-3, to lead Spain's Davis Cup team to victory in the European Zone final in Barcelona.

Wimbledon champion JOHN NEWCOMBE added another title in his collection when he defeated the 1975 3-5, 6-2 in the all-Australian final of the World championships.

TRACK & FIELD—World-record holders RANDY MATSON of Texas A&M and RALPH BOSTON of Nashville each scored impressive victories in their respective events at the Pan-American trials at Montecito, San Juan. Matson bettered Barry O'Brien's 1959 Pan-Am mark by 8 1/4" with a toss of 66' 7/8" and Long Jumper Boston, who holds the 26' 7/8" Pan-Am record, led 26' 27 1/2". A.A. champion RALPH McCULLOUGH of Southern California matched a world mark with a clocking of 13.1 for the 150-meter high hurdle. National AAU champion GILBERT BRININ of North Hollywood, Calif. shattered the existing jumper three mark by 12 1/4" with a 217' 10 1/4", while RON WHITNEY of Southern California won the 400-meter hurdles in 49.8 to better another Pan-Am record. In the women's events, records were broken by Tennessee State's MARTHA WATSON in the long jump (20' 10 1/2") Cleveland's MADLINE MANNING in the 800-meter run (2:08.21) and Los Angeles BARBARA FERRELL in the 100-meter (1:11.4).

BASEBALLS ACQUIRED by the Los Angeles Rams, San Francisco 49ers, Oakland Athletics, by the Atlanta Braves, Baltimore Orioles, and the New York Yankees.

NAMED As chief executive of the U.S. Training Association, EDWARD F. HACKETT, 51, the USA's secretary and attorney for 16 years.

DIED Former world champion cyclist TOM SIMPSON, 29, of England, after collapsing on a steep uphill leg of the Tour de France, near Angoulême, France, who began racing in 1954, appeared in the 1956 Melbourne Olympics, earned professional at 1959 and won his world championship at San Sebastian, Spain in 1963. His reputation for defending very risks, which are forbidden in cycling but happened to be in order for northwestern, released world attention on their dangers.

DIED As his knighthood on Los Angeles, WILBUR JOHNS, 64, one of the UCLA basketball coach (among his players: Jackie Robinson), and more recently the man who made UCLA a national sports power as director of athletics from 1947 to 1965, bringing the size of the Bruins (O'Connell) and Johnny Wooden (headball) to Westwood.

CREDITS

4—South Africa; 12-15—Camp Crockett, 18, 17—19—18, 21—22—23—24—25—26—27—28—29—30—31—32—33—34—35—36—37—38—39—40—41—42—43—44—45—46—47—48—49—50—51—52—53—54—55—56—57—58—59—60—61—62—63—64—65—66—67—68—69—70—71—72—73—74—75—76—77—78—79—80—81—82—83—84—85—86—87—88—89—90—91—92—93—94—95—96—97—98—99—100—101—102—103—104—105—106—107—108—109—110—111—112—113—114—115—116—117—118—119—120—121—122—123—124—125—126—127—128—129—130—131—132—133—134—135—136—137—138—139—140—141—142—143—144—145—146—147—148—149—150—151—152—153—154—155—156—157—158—159—160—161—162—163—164—165—166—167—168—169—170—171—172—173—174—175—176—177—178—179—180—181—182—183—184—185—186—187—188—189—190—191—192—193—194—195—196—197—198—199—200—201—202—203—204—205—206—207—208—209—210—211—212—213—214—215—216—217—218—219—220—221—222—223—224—225—226—227—228—229—230—231—232—233—234—235—236—237—238—239—240—241—242—243—244—245—246—247—248—249—250—251—252—253—254—255—256—257—258—259—260—261—262—263—264—265—266—267—268—269—270—271—272—273—274—275—276—277—278—279—280—281—282—283—284—285—286—287—288—289—290—291—292—293—294—295—296—297—298—299—300—301—302—303—304—305—306—307—308—309—310—311—312—313—314—315—316—317—318—319—320—321—322—323—324—325—326—327—328—329—330—331—332—333—334—335—336—337—338—339—340—341—342—343—344—345—346—347—348—349—350—351—352—353—354—355—356—357—358—359—360—361—362—363—364—365—366—367—368—369—370—371—372—373—374—375—376—377—378—379—380—381—382—383—384—385—386—387—388—389—390—391—392—393—394—395—396—397—398—399—400—401—402—403—404—405—406—407—408—409—410—411—412—413—414—415—416—417—418—419—420—421—422—423—424—425—426—427—428—429—430—431—432—433—434—435—436—437—438—439—440—441—442—443—444—445—446—447—448—449—450—451—452—453—454—455—456—457—458—459—460—461—462—463—464—465—466—467—468—469—470—471—472—473—474—475—476—477—478—479—480—481—482—483—484—485—486—487—488—489—490—491—492—493—494—495—496—497—498—499—500—501—502—503—504—505—506—507—508—509—510—511—512—513—514—515—516—517—518—519—520—521—522—523—524—525—526—527—528—529—530—531—532—533—534—535—536—537—538—539—540—541—542—543—544—545—546—547—548—549—550—551—552—553—554—555—556—557—558—559—560—561—562—563—564—565—566—567—568—569—570—571—572—573—574—575—576—577—578—579—580—581—582—583—584—585—586—587—588—589—590—591—592—593—594—595—596—597—598—599—600—601—602—603—604—605—606—607—608—609—610—611—612—613—614—615—616—617—618—619—620—621—622—623—624—625—626—627—628—629—630—631—632—633—634—635—636—637—638—639—640—641—642—643—644—645—646—647—648—649—650—651—652—653—654—655—656—657—658—659—660—661—662—663—664—665—666—667—668—669—670—671—672—673—674—675—676—677—678—679—680—681—682—683—684—685—686—687—688—689—690—691—692—693—694—695—696—697—698—699—700—701—702—703—704—705—706—707—708—709—710—711—712—713—714—715—716—717—718—719—720—721—722—723—724—725—726—727—728—729—730—731—732—733—734—735—736—737—738—739—740—741—742—743—744—745—746—747—748—749—750—751—752—753—754—755—756—757—758—759—760—761—762—763—764—765—766—767—768—769—770—771—772—773—774—775—776—777—778—779—780—781—782—783—784—785—786—787—788—789—790—791—792—793—794—795—796—797—798—799—800—801—802—803—804—805—806—807—808—809—810—811—812—813—814—815—816—817—818—819—820—821—822—823—824—825—826—827—828—829—830—831—832—833—834—835—836—837—838—839—840—841—842—843—844—845—846—847—848—849—850—851—852—853—854—855—856—857—858—859—860—861—862—863—864—865—866—867—868—869—870—871—872—873—874—875—876—877—878—879—880—881—882—883—884—885—886—887—888—889—890—891—892—893—894—895—896—897—898—899—900—901—902—903—904—905—906—907—908—909—910—911—912—913—914—915—916—917—918—919—920—921—922—923—924—925—926—927—928—929—930—931—932—933—934—935—936—937—938—939—940—941—942—943—944—945—946—947—948—949—950—951—952—953—954—955—956—957—958—959—960—961—962—963—964—965—966—967—968—969—970—971—972—973—974—975—976—977—978—979—980—981—982—983—984—985—986—987—988—989—990—991—992—993—994—995—996—997—998—999—1000—1001—1002—1003—1004—1005—1006—1007—1008—1009—1010—1011—1012—1013—1014—1015—1016—1017—1018—1019—1020—1021—1022—1023—1024—1025—1026—1027—1028—1029—1030—1031—1032—1033—1034—1035—1036—1037—1038—1039—1040—1041—1042—1043—1044—1045—1046—1047—1048—1049—1050—1051—1052—1053—1054—1055—1056—1057—1058—1059—1060—1061—1062—1063—1064—1065—1066—1067—1068—1069—1070—1071—1072—1073—1074—1075—1076—1077—1078—1079—1080—1081—1082—1083—1084—1085—1086—1087—1088—1089—1090—1091—1092—1093—1094—1095—1096—1097—1098—1099—1100—1101—1102—1103—1104—1105—1106—1107—1108—1109—1110—1111—1112—1113—1114—1115—1116—1117—1118—1119—1120—1121—1122—1123—1124—1125—1126—1127—1128—1129—1130—1131—1132—1133—1134—1135—1136—1137—1138—1139—1140—1141—1142—1143—1144—1145—1146—1147—1148—1149—1150—1151—1152—1153—1154—1155—1156—1157—1158—1159—1160—1161—1162—1163—1164—1165—1166—1167—1168—1169—1170—1171—1172—1173—1174—1175—1176—1177—1178—1179—1180—1181—1182—1183—1184—1185—1186—1187—1188—1189—1190—1191—1192—1193—1194—1195—1196—1197—1198—1199—1200—1201—1202—1203—1204—1205—1206—1207—1208—1209—1210—1211—1212—1213—1214—1215—1216—1217—1218—1219—1220—1221—1222—1223—1224—1225—1226—1227—1228—1229—1230—1231—123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19TH HOLE THE READERS TAKE OVER

JOCKO, JACKIE AND TED

Sirs:

Jocko Conlan's story, *Nobody Loves an Umpire* (June 26 and July 3), is typical of someone trying to promote something. He spoke of an incident in Japan that is certainly a self-projecting story. It is so representative of Jocko, with his great ego. If you checked facts you would find that Conlan, while one of the better umpires, was a little man not only in stature but in actions. Check to see the incidents he provoked because the umpire's uniform gave him a little power.

His relating of the alleged incident of the baseball players winking at him and his naming the Negro players is so typical of those who don't want any tag attached to them. I'll bet Jocko cannot get either of the players to back him up.

Finally, I did not go into baseball to be liked by him or anyone else. I had other motives. I am sure Jocko preferred that I be the quiet Negro who did not speak up when wronged. Those days have since passed, and while Jocko let it be known he disliked Jackie Robinson, the feeling is mutual. One cannot make it by doing things that everybody likes.

I did my best. Jocko's likes or dislikes are of no concern to me. I can only repeat that what I read was either an attempt to build his already overinflated ego or to project his book. I am certain honorable people see through his selfish motives.

JACKIE ROBINSON

New York City

Sirs:

His off to Jocko Conlan for pointing out some of the real and positive things about Ted Williams. From the time I was a kid and followed baseball, I always remember how Williams was pictured as being some type of villain instead of probably the greatest baseball player of all times.

Some people forget that he was a pilot in two wars and that he is a very modest individual. The last time I saw Ted Williams was in 1953 when we just happened to be on the same plane coming back from the Korean war. There were 110 wounded veterans on this plane, and I think only two of us knew that Ted Williams was aboard. Knowing the type of man he was, we didn't bother him regarding his baseball career, and he in turn was very quiet when he walked through the plane's cabin.

CHARLES W. RAYMOND

Saginaw, Mich.

Sirs:

Robert Creamer's two-part feature on Jocko Conlan was superb, but it didn't say

enough about Jocko's career as a player. We saw a lot of Jocko when he was here in Montreal in the early 1930s with the International League's Montreal Royals. He was a southpaw center fielder, with good range, and a better-than-fair hitter. But what is most remembered about Jocko is his gutsy attitude; he'd never back up to anybody.

One day at the park Paul Derringer, then pitching for Rochester before he made it big with Cincinnati, was giving Conlan an awful ride from the bench. Derringer went about 220 pounds to Jocko's 160. First thing we knew Conlan was making a beeline for the Wings' dugout and, before they pulled him away from Derringer and threw him out of the game, he'd made mincemeat out of the big pitcher.

There aren't many like Jocko Conlan nowadays.

PAUL M. DAVIS
Night News Editor
The Montreal Star

Montreal, Que.

THIS IS LIVING!

It was trying enough to read Bob Crozier, the Jewish priest, on auto racing and then Bill Russell, the basketball player, on morality, but *Life with the Jax Park* (July 10) really did it. What are articles and/or authors such as these doing in a magazine supposedly dedicated to sports? Next thing you know *Playboy's* centerfold will feature Buckle-up stars saddlecloth or that turbine car with its gears stripped.

Gentlemen, please! Back to sports.
CHARLES P. MISKILL

Medford, Mass.

Sirs:

Not only can someone in southern California imagine a world without the Jax Park, but the prospect alone has made me deliciously happy.

MRS. MILTON ROSENBLUM

Los Angeles

NEGRO AND LATIN POWER

Sirs:

The American League may indeed have a slight edge in pitching over the National League (*A Thunderbolt of Sluggers*, July 3), but no one who studies baseball could believe it is anywhere near as large as the National League's edge in hitting. The reason for this appears to me to be obvious, and Billy Hitchcock hit it right on the nose. The National League has a tremendous edge in the number of Negro and Latin players, and there is little doubt that these ballplayers dominate hitting.

Some 24 of the National League's top 38

players are Negro or Latin. Only 11 of the top 36 in the American League are Negro or Latin. Another amazing fact is that the great hitting teams in the National League—the Pirates, Braves, Giants and Cards—depend almost entirely on Negro and Latin players for their hitting. No such situation exists in the American League.

LEONARD LEVIN

Beverly Hills, Calif.

DOUBLE FAULT

Sirs:

I deeply resent the tone and falsehoods of your SCORECARD article (July 17) concerning my senior doubles tennis match at Wimbledon with partner Gardnar Mulloy. I went on the court all with flu, bundled in long pants, sweater and cap. I certainly did not play my best.

My tennis titles span 43 years, and I have kept net fans on three continents laughing with my assortment of spins, chops and ditsy-doodle serves. I am one of the few players in the world able to bounce the ball back over the net on serve and the only player ever to bounce the ball back under the net on serve. My strange game has amazed, intrigued and perplexed the press from coast to coast. It has excited unusual comment in Mexico City, Barranquilla, Monte Carlo, etc., but never have I been the victim of such irresponsible and humiliating reporting as that work in the London *Daily Express*—a story that you apparently took at face value.

I have never pretended to be a world-class player. I have played with and against the best for the past 25 years. Players and spectators alike have enjoyed my unorthodox game. Now, through erroneous reporting, I have been held up to ridicule, as a fumbling, rick American banker who appeared on the courts of Wimbledon as Mulloy's partner only because I had so much influence he didn't dare refuse me.

The fact is that I am a doubles player in my own right. Mulloy, the umpire and our opponents will all testify, as would any one of the spectators, that I did not knock down Mulloy on match point, as reported. In fact, there were no collisions or falls throughout the match. What is more, both Mulloy and I lost serve to lose the first set 6-1. We both held serve through 4-1 in games in the second set when Mulloy lost his, and we lost the set and match 6-4. I scored any number of points, not just one as reported.

As for Prince Rainer falling off his chair, laughing, when I played at Monte Carlo, he laughed because my unorthodox style befuddled our opponents, not because I was ridiculous, as your report intimated. We won the title there in 1960.

And as for achieving an alleged lifelong

continued



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10TH HOLE continued

ambition to play at Wimbledon and begging Mulloy to take me there, had I had such an ambition I would have played there before Mulloy asked me to play with him and, as any player would be, I was glad to accept. I thought Wimbledon would be an appropriate place to play my last major match. The doctors have warned me against continuing play. Whether Mulloy and I ever play together again—and we have played together many times—will depend on my bad knee.

Finally, I did not serve underhand at Wimbledon. Why? Because I was sick.

I prefer to end an entertaining and creditable—if not distinguished—career standing on the factual record.

HOMER SNOOP

North Webster, Ind.

● Gardner Mulloy confirms that SI—not Mr. Snoop—was serving underhand.
ED

SILVER LINING

Sir:

It brought moisture to my eyes to read about the pros having such a tough time on the Montreal municipal course during the Canadian Open (*Beating 17 Greens and a Breeze*, July 10). The pros collect a lot of money writing about how to play golf, but most of us who try to follow their instructions play on municipal courses instead of on the fancy ones. No wonder we have so much trouble. The pros, too, have a hard time on municipal courses.

My eyes are dry now and, instead, there is a little smile. Really, I am glad the chiefs found out how tough the Indians have it.

PAUL HUFFMAN, M.D.

South Whitley, Ind.

HAIR NO. 2

Sir:

In your article on the remodeled 12-meter *Columba* (*There's Life in the Old Gal Yet*, July 10) you stated, "The original *Columba* came off Olin Stephens' drawing board in 1957." Recently I found a color print in the cellar of a cottage on the coast of Maine entitled *Columba, the Old Defender*. The newspapers in back of the old print were dated 1899. Was she the original *Columba*?

SHIRLEY J. NORTON

South Portland, Me.

● The first *Columba*, a swift center-board schooner, helped to defend the cup in 1871 against *Ennui*. She broke her steering gear in the third race, and *Sappho* resumed the defense. The second *Columba* was designed by the famed Nathaniel Herreshoff and successfully raced in 1899 and in 1901 against the first two of Sir Thomas Lipton's five *Shamrock*s.—ED.



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